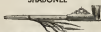




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| GUACANAGARI | PONTIAC | BLACK HAWK |
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| POWHATAN | CORNPLANTER | BENITO JUAREZ |
| POCAHONTAS | JOSEPH BRANT | MANGUS |
| SAMOSET | RED JACKET | COLORADAS |
| MASSASOIT | LITTLE TURTLE | LITTLE CROW |
| KING PHILIP | TECUMSEH | SITTING BULL |
| UNCAS | OSCEOLA | CHIEF JOSEPH |
| TEDYUSKUNG | SEQUOYA | GERONIMO |
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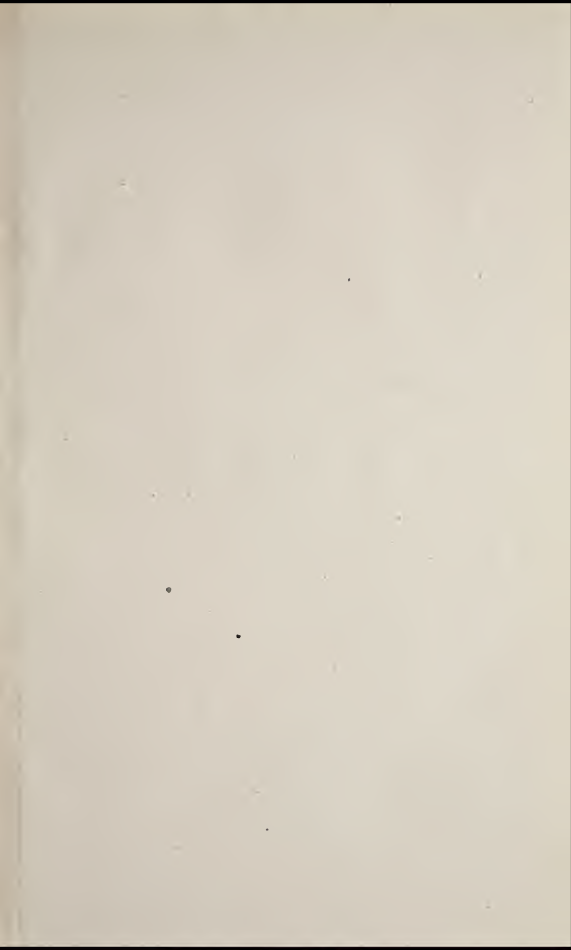


TO PERPETUATE THE HISTORY
AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE
PEOPLE REPRESENTED BY THE
ABOVE CHIEFS AND WISE MEN
THIS COLLECTION HAS BEEN
GATHERED BY THEIR FRIEND
EDWARD EVERETT AYER

AND PRESENTED BY HIM
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1911









**Life Sketches
of a Jayhawker
of '49**



LIFE SKETCHES OF A
JAYHAWKER
OF '49

BY L. DOW STEPHENS

ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF A PIONEER
TOLD BY HIMSELF IN HIS
OWN WAY

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DEDICATED TO
MY OLD AND ESTEEMED FRIEND
HENRY CURTNER



LIFE SKETCHES OF A JAYHAWKER

CHAPTER I.

From all information obtainable my great great grandfather came to this country from Wales, but the date is unknown. He settled in Morris County, New Jersey. His name was Jacob Stephens, and to him was born a son, Richard Stephens, born on the same day as General George Washington, February 22, 1732. Richard Stephens had a son, Samuel Stephens, my grandfather, and he took part in the War of the Revolution, as did my grandfather Addis on my mother's side. At the close of the war they both returned home and took up agricultural pursuits.

In the year 1820, my grandfather Addis moved from New Jersey to Illinois and was a pioneer of that state. I have heard my grandmother tell of Chicago at that time. It consisted of one log house and a small ferry where they crossed the Chicago River going South. They passed but two or three settlers between Chicago and Lewiston, a distance of a hundred and eighty miles.

Grandfather purchased thirty-six sections of land, equal to twenty-three thousand acres, in what was called the Military tract. After his death the heirs neglected to pay the taxes, so it was sold over and over for the amount of the taxes.

Just before the Black Hawk War my father, Richard Stephens, son of Samuel Stephens, with his family moved from New Jersey to Illinois. At Canton, then the front of civilization, he built the first frame house in that town, all others being constructed of logs, laid pioneer style. About 1832 the country became much disturbed from the Black Hawk War, and a move was made to Ohio. After remaining about six years the family returned to Illinois and settled near Galesburgh.

By his marriage to Eleanor Addis, who was born in New Jersey, there was born five children, all of whom attained mature age, and of whom but two are now living. The youngest of the family born near Hacketstown, New Jersey, September 29, 1827, was the only one to come to the Western Coast. While he was reared on a farm and acquired agricultural knowledge, he was also taught the carpenter trade under his father's able instructions. The most memorable events of his youth, and indeed his whole life began when the news of gold discovery arrived from California. He was anxious to try his fortune in the mines, and joined an Illinois party bound for California. On March 28, 1849, the expedition started on its long and too many fatal journey.

The outfits generally consisted of three to four yoke of oxen, good strong wagons well loaded with provisions, bedding and clothing. In fact we found later that we were too heavily loaded. Let me say here that the hardest pull we had was the leave-taking. We were leaving behind home, all that was near and dear, all the friends among whom our youthful days

were spent. In fact I never realized how hard a pull it was until I came to bid good-bye and started to drive away. I never felt so much like backing out of any undertaking as I did then, but I had too much pride to stand laughter, so the reins were gathered up and the expedition moved.

That spring happened to be a very wet one, and the roads were almost impassable. The streams were swollen and overflowing their banks, bridges were washed away, and consequently much time had to be spent repairing and building new ones. On many of the larger streams we constructed rafts of logs and rafted the wagons over, and the cattle were made to swim. Through Iowa we found many prairie sloughs, and they seemed bottomless. Here we had to cut sod and lay several thicknesses before we could pass over.

Having started early in the season we had to buy feed for the stock until we reached the Missouri River, as the grass wasn't high enough to keep the stock in travelling condition.

Iowa, at this time, was very sparsely settled. Farm houses were twenty miles and more apart, and we found here and there villages of cheap unpainted houses. We found game in plenty, consisting chiefly of deer, wild turkeys and prairie chickens. When we reached the Missouri River at Council Bluff, we travelled down the river to Traders' Point, a distance of ten or twelve miles. Here we remained for a week, waiting for the grass to get a good start, arranging for a larger expedition. This point was the end of the Settlements, and further on lay the Indian country. We realized a larger body would be safer, but we found that it took more time and we could make little headway with so large an expedition. So we divided into companies, and in this way travelled faster.

We had quite an experience crossing the Missouri River. The ferry was a small scow and could carry but one empty wagon at a time. The scow was propelled by two oars, two men at an oar, and the current was very swift. Imagine the time it took to transport fifty wagons and the loads; we had difficulty getting the cattle to swim at first. We didn't realize that the sun shining on the water made much difference, so the first time the cattle swam round and round for two hours, and we were compelled to let them land again where they started. But next morning before sunrise we started a small boat with a couple of men having a steer in tow, all the rest of the cattle followed without any trouble and made the opposite shore safely.

Our first experience with the Indians came with our first camp across the river. Our camp fires were going nicely, supper was started, when we heard gun shots, volley after volley. In a few minutes from over the ridge came two to three hundred Pawnee Indians, riding at full run straight for our camp. It was a few minutes work for us to get our rifles in readiness, but the Indians put up a white flag, and they were allowed to enter camp. It seemed that a party of the Sioux tribe had given them battle, the two being at war, and the Pawnees had rushed to our camp expecting protection, but we ordered them off, telling them we wished no trouble with the Sioux as we had to travel their country, and wanted no enemies. We took the precaution to organize our body with regular military style with Colonels and Captains. For awhile we were very vigilant. Our picket guards were stationed three hundred yards from camp, and had to lie down to see any

approaching object, but firing was strictly prohibited unless you thought an enemy approached.

We did not want any false alarms, but like many others we grew careless of danger. Many of us went two or three miles from camp, often being away all day hunting and looking over the country. I remember that two of us travelled a long distance on the bank of the river, when, without any warning an Indian appeared before us. At the same time geese were flying overhead and the Indian said "Shoot, shoot". My companion raised his gun, and I made a quick dash to lower it, and said "we had better not waste our shot, for I don't like the looks of things". We had moved but a few steps when arrows rained down all about us, but not an Indian in sight, except the one we had spoken with. After a short distance more, beyond the range of arrows, we turned and saw over a dozen Indians raising up out of the grass.

I was carrying a very fine rifle with twenty-seven pieces of silver mounting, and I think this was what they wished. We must have been a little out of range for them to shoot directly at us, but a falling arrow would answer their purpose just as well. It is needless to relate that all possible haste was made for our train, ten miles away. Of course our story was rather doubted by the other boys, and we were joshed about the scalps we didn't take.

Somewhere in the Western part of Iowa we passed the grave of the Indian Chief, Black Hawk, of Black Hawk War fame. It was near the bank of a small stream, the name of which I've forgotten. We had a little mishap here in rafting the stream. Our raft was going along nicely when in some way the wagon went to the bottom of the river, out of sight. The stream was sluggish, and we didn't have much difficulty in fishing the wagon out. Fortunately the load had been transferred to another wagon, but we did have one load damaged on another occasion when the wagon turned over crossing a stream. This was quite serious, as three barrels of hard bread were entirely ruined.

About twenty miles from the Missouri River we came to the winter quarters of the Mormon excursion of 1846 and 1847. There was no one there, but we secured a Mormon Guide Book, and it proved of great assistance. They had measured the roads, and distances from camp to camp were recorded. The entire distance from the winter quarters to Salt Lake City was a thousand and thirty-one miles, and but two houses in the entire distance. These were at Fort Lorima and Fort Bridger.

At the first fort there were twenty soldiers, and at the latter only Bridger and some Indians. I just mention a little incident here. Several of us boys had gone ahead of the train and were enjoying ourselves asking Bridger questions. He was an old mountaineer and could give us good advice. While we were talking, Indians began to pour in from different quarters, very much excited and saying Indians were coming. Everybody hustled around, the Indians flocked in, the doors were barred, rifles made ready for the scrap, when a pack train hove in sight. It was an emigrant train from Arkansas, and being the first one from that direction, from a distance, it was natural to infer they were Indians.

Things like this and happenings of interest, made the time pass rapidly. Soon after passing Wood River we came into the buffalo country. Here we

saw thousands at one time, all with their massive heads pointing to the north and feeding as they passed along. They didn't seem wild, and it was no trouble to get in range with them when we wished to. Some of the boys shot them down for the sake of the sport. It seemed wrong to me and sinful, but in after years they were slaughtered by the thousands just for their hides. But a few years elapsed before the buffalo became practically extinct on the plains, and only here and there in the fastnesses of the mountains could be seen a small number.

There were many different classes of wolves to be seen on the prairies: the common prairie wolf, the gray, the black and another, a large long-legged wolf, the latter being found always near the herds of buffalo and was a constant terror to the calves. While the herds were travelling the cows and calves always kept the center with the bulls on the outside, affording protection against the Buffalo Rangers, as these wolves were called. These wolves were ferocious, and a band of them would attack men, if hungry.

On one occasion some of the boys were out and away from the train, when a hard rain storm overtook them at night fall. They sought shelter under a bank seven to eight feet in height, all loaded with the choicest of buffalo meat, the tongues and the hump. In a short time they were attacked by a band of these Buffalo Rangers (wolves). They would have surrounded the boys had it not been for the bank on one side, as it was they attacked from every side and came so close the boys had to poke them away with their guns. There were five boys, and they fought the wolves all night long, as shooting them had no effect at all, and when daylight came and the wolves sneaked away. They had left the imprint of their teeth in the gun barrels that could be seen very distinctly. The boys were glad enough to get back to camp and good and hungry after their night's fight.

We did not lack for amusements; we had some very good musicians in our company and almost every night we had a dance around the camp fire. To avoid confusion one-half wore handkerchiefs on their heads, so there was no trouble telling the girls from the boys, for out of the fifty wagons that started there was not a single woman in the crowd. During the emigration of forty-nine, I think the average of women was about one in five hundred, so our chances for being bachelors was pretty good for a number of years. I know I roamed about for twenty years before I found my mate, and have never regretted the waiting.

The cholera was bad that year. We passed trains every day laying by on account of cholera. Many died along the Platte River. I had it myself after passing Fort Larima, but we lost only one night and a half a day on my account, though the slightest jolt of the wagon created intense suffering, but I had started for California, and I was bound to come through. I am satisfied that there were many people who died with fever as well as with cholera, for, once attacked death seemed certain.

Many amusing incidents happened every day hardly worth recording. In the evenings, many times friendly Indians came into camp numbering thirty or forty. Sometimes they brought things to trade, and then again they begged for food. Indians seem to be hungry at all times. One evening, while the Indians were in camp, a man with false teeth went up to them smiling a most pleasing smile and showing his beautiful white teeth. He would turn around, grin at them again, this time showing his gums. He

had only to repeat this several times when the Indians would back away, walk off, and in a few moments start into a trot until they were out of sight. They thought, of course, that the man was an evil spirit, but I have often wondered just what they did think.

Along the Platte River we found the corpses of Indians, well wrapped in bark and tied to the limbs of trees with bark. This was the custom of the Pawnees, but after we got further on the plains there were no trees, in fact no trees for five hundred miles. So we had no fuel, and had to use the buffalo chips, which, if dry, made a very hot fire. Just before camping time we each of us took a sack, scattered out and came back to camp with sacks full, having a generous supply for cooking our supper and breakfast. But if the rain came on, our much prized chips would not burn at all, and we had to be content with hard tack and raw bacon, and no hot coffee for breakfast.

It was well nigh impossible to measure distance by the eye, objects that appeared close to, would often prove to be days travel away. A party of us started for Chimney Rock, and as it seemed a short distance away we started early in the morning. We walked fast until after noon, and then seemed no nearer, so we held a council and came to the conclusion to retrace our steps, arriving at camp tired and hungry. There being no settlements and no smoke the atmosphere was as clear as could be. I think we sighted Pikes Peak, over two hundred miles away, and it seemed as if we should never pass it.

On the Black Hills we came into the Crow Indian country, but we never saw one. They were not friendly to the whites, and when an Indian is not friendly you never see them in their own country. We came to the Show-shu-nees Tribe, or Snake, as they were sometimes called, but they disliked the name, Snake. They were friendly to us. At one time my chum and I slipped away, and visited their camp and they treated us royally. The chief's wife talked good English, and we were shown all through the camp, there being over five hundred in number. They had many pets, both birds and beasts. We were invited to go with them on a buffalo hunt, and I should have enjoyed it, but all my possessions were with the train, so we remained only the day. But this was long enough to worry the older men of the party, especially the father of my chum, and all thought we had been murdered by the Indians.

About four to six weeks later, as I was walking in the streets of Salt Lake City, I heard a horse galloping behind me, and here was the same Indian Chief, and he appeared to be tickled to see me, as a boy with his first toy. His wife on her pony appeared equally glad. She had been educated at some mission, and so had acquired English.

All up the Platte River, and well into the Black Hills, we had many thunder storms; the lightning seemed to strike all around us, and sometimes very near. On one occasion we came to a team of four yoke of oxen, hitched to a wagon in regular order, and every one dead, having been struck by lightning. This must have been a terrible misfortune to the owners.

There were all kinds of disagreements and quarrels over trivial matters, and the only way of settling the difficulty would be to make a division of property. The wagon would be cut in two, one party taking the front and the other the hind part, dividing the team and provisions, and each

party proceed on the cart of two wheels.

We were very much over-loaded and in consequence the cattle could not stand the strain, and grew weaker day by day. So hundreds of pounds of the finest bacon, beans, flour and sugar were left on the wayside. The bacon was piled like cordwood, and some of the men poured turpentine on the provisions and set fire to them, so the Indians couldn't eat them. Some men seem to be born mean, but to me such meanness was despicable.

Coming to the second crossing of the Platte River we found a small ferry that could accomodate but one empty wagon at a time. The ferry was owned by every train that came along, that is a train would buy the ferry, do their crossing and then sell it to the next train that was in waiting.

We reached the river Sweet Water, a small but swift stream a distance from the Platte. We forded without any trouble, and found the noted landmark, Independence Rock, covering an acre of ground and two hundred feet high. It was discovered, I believe, on the Fourth of July, and so received its name. A little further on we came to the Devils Gate, a narrow cut or gorge through the mountains like a crevice. It was reported that no one had ever passed through its passage. Many had started, but had to turn back. So it was a great incentive for us to try. A party of us started, but there was only two to complete the trip, one other fellow, who nearly lost his life, and myself.

We crossed and recrossed several times, and at one crossing he was swept down stream by the current, and under a shelving rock. He held to the rock with his hands, his body swept under the rock by the current. I had crossed the stream safely a little further up, and so was able to come to his rescue. In some places we had to climb almost perpendicular walls, almost a hundred feet in height, then walk along a narrow ledge where a mountain goat would hardly venture.

I have heard of foolhardy escapades, and have often wondered how we ever managed to come through with our lives, but luck must have been with us, for it makes me shudder even now to think of the danger we were constantly in.

Passing up the Sweet Water for quite a distance, then turning to our right we travelled up a long gentle grade for almost twenty miles, where we came to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. There we camped on a large flat, finding many springs, the water from these springs taking their course to either side, some to the Atlantic and some to the Pacific Ocean. We had heavy frosts, and some ice and this was in the latter part of July.

Travelling on we came to the Little and Big Sandy Rivers, where the roads forked, one leading to Ft. Hall, and the other to Salt Lake. Here a discussion arose as to the proper course to take. We argued the advantages and disadvantages, and the result was a natural one, a disagreement. We parted company, each man choosing his company to travel in, so all were entirely satisfied.

Our next stream of any size was Green River, where we ferried again. The Mormons owned the ferry and charged five dollars a wagon; this was a regular gold mine for them, for the travel was heavy. We had to swim the cattle as before, but happily lost none. For many days we pursued our way; nothing transpiring of note beyond the usual occurrences found on the plains. We reached Emigrant Canyon shortly, a canyon that required six

weeks of work on the part of the Mormons who had passed through two years before. We crossed the stream twenty-six times, and it was but a small stream too, emptying into Salt Lake Valley.

At this juncture we were approaching Salt Lake City, so three of us decided to forge ahead of the train. When we reached the first bench or table land we saw spread out before us the city itself, and in the greater distance the Great Lake. When we reached the first little farm our attention was attracted to the garden, full of vegetables of all kinds. How our mouths watered at this welcome sight. We approached the house, asked for accommodations. They made excuses about sleeping quarters, but that didn't trouble us, as we could sleep anywhere out of doors, if one could just have a meal or so. We kept our eyes on the garden, and were willing and glad to help in the preparation of the vegetables. No one knows how willing we were to pod the peas. We had green corn, peas and other vegetables, something we had longed and starved for four months. Never before or since have I tasted anything that was so good, and we ate and ate until we could eat no more, and only felt sorry that our capacity was so limited.

We were up bright and early getting peas ready for breakfast. This was a regular bonanza for us, and our bill was only fifty cents each. It was well worth five dollars to us if worth a cent.

Four miles distant lay the city, and a smart walk soon brought us in, where we inquired for a good camping place for the train which had not yet arrived. We soon found a suitable place, convenient to water and grass, the two most essential features for a camping place. We camped between the city and Jordan River, as all emigrants had to camp on that side of the city.

Our train arrived the same day and we were soon surrounded by the Mormons, principally women enquiring for tea, and if we had any to sell. They seemed to be as much starved for tea as we were for vegetables. We wouldn't sell tea, but we said we would trade for vegetables. Tea was three dollars a pound, and we could get vegetables a week for a pound of tea. Some of the women said they had not tasted tea for two years past. They were also short of groceries and wearing apparel. Many women were entirely barefooted, and many scantily dressed. All the clothes had been practically worn out, as there had been no supplies brought in for two years, consequently many of them were greatly in need of the luxuries of life. They had seeds and plenty of cattle with them, so they were well provided with the substantials, all having good gardens, beef, milk and butter.

They raised wheat and ground their own flour, but had no way to bolt it, so had to live on unbolting flour. The women were doing men's work in the fields, pulling up the wheat and thrashing it with flails, they having no harvesting implements, as they were yet very scarce. We saw other women with their three or four yoke of oxen and team going into the canyon, a distance of twelve miles, and bringing down loads of wood. There were no men on the load, and perhaps there would be two or three women to handle the team. After seeing the scheme of things I didn't wonder so much they advocated the plurality of wives, the advantages were so great.

I became tired of camp life in a few days and decided a change was good for me, so found board with a family named Smithson. There was a

large family of children, some of the girls almost grown. The old gentleman was well up in the seventies, and concluded he wanted another wife. His wife was much opposed naturally, and I heard her tell him she would leave if he brought another wife home. The old fellow justified himself by declaring that "more wives meant more stars in his crown of glory." This was a heavy argument, but his wife couldn't see the force of the argument. No doubt she felt it better for him to do with fewer stars in his crown, than for her to suffer the presence of another woman in the house. Years afterwards I heard he never had a chance to add stars to his crown, probably he was too old.

I stayed with these people a week, then boarded with one of the elders of the church who already had two wives, and had his eyes on a third, a young grass widow, but she said she wouldn't be number three to the best man living. I boarded with the elder's family during the remainder of my stay in Salt Lake.

The officers of the Church consisted of a Prophet, 12 Apostles, and seventy elders, then come the teachers, and so on down to the laymen. They believe in baptizing for the dead, that is the living can be baptized for any relative who had passed away, and that by immersion.

One old lady came near being drowned, for she was trying to save seventy that had gone before. One reason why I had gone to board with the elder was to learn what I could of the Mormon people. The women would talk more than the men, and through them I learned many things. I found none of them were exactly happy, and would enjoy getting away, but such a thing was impossible at that time. They were there, and there they had to remain.

In speaking of the officers of the Church, I forgot the Angels. The destroying Angels, whose duty it is to put away all undesirable beings. I have often thought these destroying Angels might have had a great deal to do with the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

Salt Lake is well situated in the valley with gently rising ground to the foothills. The streets were wide and had running water in ditches through them. The buildings were mostly of logs, and in the center of the town was what might be termed a fort. The log cabins were built in a hollow square, enclosing two acres of ground, and at different intervals were gates; this no doubt being for defense in time of Indian troubles.

The Mormons became friends of all the Indians in that country and any Indian you met always said, "Mormonee, Mormonee, heap good Mormon."

We hired teams to take us to the Lake, about twenty miles away. The water is so impregnated with salt you could wade out to your armpits and then be raised right off your feet. One can walk along through the water without sinking any deeper, and a nap on the surface is not an impossibility. The water is very clear, so clear you can see the pebbles in the bottom at twenty feet. Along the shore was tons of salt, just winrows of it two or three feet deep. We spent the day there, and on the return trip stopped at a good camping place, where we refreshed ourselves with a few hours sleep, and then proceeded on our way to camp, arriving about sunrise next day.

On Sundays we heard Brigham Young preach. They held services in what they called their Tabernacle. It was made by planting posts in the

ground, with poles across, and then brush on top, enough to make good shade. Seats were made of rough sawed lumber and would seat about a thousand. The pulpit was also made of the same rough material, no pains being taken to plane the boards.

During the first twenty minutes of the sermon, Brigham Young lectured them roundly on things to do and not to do, something on this line: "Some of you hang around the Emigrant wagons and fool your time away, and by and by tithing day will come and you won't have a ——— cent to pay your tithing, and as for the Emigrant, so long as they are here, obey our laws and regulations they are welcome to stay, but when they don't they can go to hell and be ———. We don't care for them anyway; look at this pulpit. My new vest is worn out already on these rough boards. Some of you might think I am swearing, but I am not, for when I swear I swear in the name of the Lord, therefore this is not swearing."

Maybe it wasn't swearing, but it sounded much like cursing. However he could say what he pleased to his people, and they come home from church mightily pleased that some one had caught it, and never taking any of the lectures for themselves.

A party of us thought we should like to prospect in the Washutt Mountains, so ten of us left about ten o'clock at night, quietly, as we didn't want the Mormons to know anything of our intentions. We went up to the little Cotton Wood Canyon, reaching the mouth of the canyon about daylight. At the entrance we saw two men on horse back about half a mile distant, one on each side of the canyon, watching us. We travelled hard all day and camped at night good and tired. The majority turned back next morning, and about a quarter of a mile away found a camp-fire still burning, but no one in sight. Whoever followed us evidently thought we had turned back, and they did also. We were out five or six days, following up the creek to its source, in fact went clear to the summit of the mountain, but we ran out of grub and for three days had nothing to eat but chipmonks, at least what little there was left after shooting them with a rifle. We saw tracks of larger game, possibly elk, but none of us had ever seen any elk, and so did not know their tracks. Since being in California, and familiar with elk tracks I think there must have been elk in that country. Our prospecting didn't amount to anything, as we knew nothing of prospecting. We might not have been sure of gold had we seen it lying loose in the ground. Since that the Emmas mine and other rich mines have been worked and millions taken right out of the ground we passed over at the mouth of the canyon.

The boys of our crowd met us with a pack horse loaded with food, and you can imagine how the food disappeared, after being without for three or four days. While on the summit of the mountains we had a snow storm, and this in September.

The Mormons were all fond of dancing, and fortunately I was invited to several of the parties. Brigham Young always led off with the fairest in the assemblage, and it was always considered an honor to be chosen by Brother Brigham, as he was styled. In build Brigham Young was very much like Theo. Roosevelt. He was a very good speaker, but no orator, but he shone as a leader. His people would do everything he proposed, and his control seemed to reign over them. I have been often asked how many wives he had, and all I have to judge by was the sleeping apartments.

In walking past his place of residence I saw about seven or eight wagon bodies with covers on, all in a row, ranged in his back yard, and was told these were occupied by his wives. Across the square from where I boarded were two more, and these I knew quite well.

The warm springs were there at that time, in an open plain and we all thoroughly enjoyed the bathing. One day there was a dozen of us enjoying our bath when along came a wagon, drove up to almost thirty paces of us and the driver asked if we didn't know this was the ladies bath day. We told him we were entirely ignorant, and would immediately get into our clothes and give them full possession. Which we did.

Many Mormons had been to California and returned with gold from the mines, and had it coined at Salt Lake into five dollar gold pieces. On one side was printed the All Seeing Eye, and on the other side the Bee Hive. But most of the currency consisted of shin plasters written on paper and signed by Brigham, and circulated only amongst themselves, for all things bought from emigrants was paid for in gold coin. The gold was soft, no alloy being used, so lasted but a short time.

CHAPTER II.

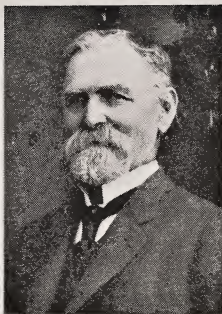
We commenced to think of leaving, and inquired the best route out. The Mormons told us of the Donner party being snowed in in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and that it was too late now for us to undertake any route but the Southern route. This sounded plausible to us, but there was a motive back of this that we didn't comprehend. The Southern route was the old Santa Fe trail, and it was policy for them to have a travelled trail to the coast, rather than go back to the Mississippi or Missouri Rivers for supplies.

About the latter part of September we started the organization of a company, and by the first of October we had gathered one hundred and five wagons, and a guide, a Mormon, who claimed to know the road well, and he did prove to be competent. Our contract with the guide, Captain Hunt, called for a thousand dollars to Los Angeles, or ten dollars a wagon. As soon as the wagons were in readiness, the start was made on the first day of October, from a place called Provo, where we congregated, fifty miles from Salt Lake.

We were divided into seven divisions, each division had a captain, and a name coined to suit the fancy of the division. Some of them were "Bug Smashers", "Buck Skins", "Wolverine", "Hawk Eye", etc. The one to which I belonged was styled the "Jay Hawkers of Forty Nine", the party that plays the prominent part in this narrative.

Every day we took turns leading the train as it was styled. That is, the division that led the train one day fell into the rear next day, for the leader always had the hardest work, for the road had to be broken. The first part of the journey was through the sage brush, and proved difficult traveling, and with such a large company we made but a few miles a day. The trail was over low rolling hills covered with scrub cedars, and somewhat sandy soil in places. The grass and water became scarcer every day, but we managed fairly well until we passed Little Salt Lake, where three Mormons made their appearance on horseback. The leader and spokesman said his

L. DOW STEPHENS AND HIS BIRTH-
PLACE IN NEW JERSEY, BUILT BY HIS
FATHER IN 1816. THE MASSIVE PINE
TREE IN THE FOREGROUND WAS
PLANTED THE SAME YEAR. THE
AUTHOR WAS BORN HERE ON SEPTEM-
BER 29, 1827.





name was Barney Ward, and that he was an old mountaineer and plainsman and knew the country well, and by following his proposed route we could cut from four to five hundred miles off our journey.

He had the road all mapped out and a diagram showing the camping places, about fifteen miles between. Naturally we fell into a discussion, for the road would terminate at the mines, instead of Los Angeles. Meeting after meeting was held, and all the advantages of the cut-off were discussed. In the meantime we had reached what is now known as the Iron Mountain. I think that I with one of the others was the discoverer of this mountain of iron. After camping we strolled up the mountain, and the rocks were noticeable for their weight and their positions. They lay in masses and had a metallic ring to them. I took one into camp, and showed it to a professor we had with us and he pronounced it iron.

We camped next at Mountain Meadows, a place that afterwards became known as the scene of Mountain Meadow Massacre, of 1857. I looked this up in Bancroft's History of Utah, and this is what he says: "It was Saturday evening when the Arkansas families encamped at Mountain Meadows. On the Sabbath they rested, and conducted divine services in a large tent, as had been their custom throughout the journey.

"At daybreak on the seventh of September, while the men were lighting their camp fires, they were fired upon by the Indians, or white men disguised as Indians, and more than twenty were killed, or wounded.

"Their cattle had been driven off by their assailants under the cover of darkness. The survivors ran for their wagons and pushing them together so as to form a corral, dug out the earth deep enough to sink them almost to the top of the wheels. In the center of the enclosure they made a rifle pit large enough to contain the entire company. The attacking party which numbered from three to four hundred, withdrew to the hills on the crest of which they built parapets, where they shot down all who showed themselves outside the entrenchments.

"The emigrants were now in a state of siege and though they fought bravely had little hope of escape. All the outlets of the valley were guarded, their ammunition was almost exhausted. Of their number, which included a large proportion of women and children, many were wounded and their suffering from thirst had become intolerable. Down in a ravine and within a few yards of a corral was a stream of water, but only after sundown could there be a scanty supply obtained, and then at great risk, for the point was covered by the muskets of the Indians who lurked all night among the ravines.

"Four days the siege lasted. On the morning of the fifth a wagon was seen approaching from the northern end of the meadow, and with it a company of the Royal Legions. When within a few hundred yards of the entrenchments the company halted and one of them, William Bateman by name, was sent forward with a flag of truce. In answer to this signal a little girl dressed in white appeared in an open space between the wagons, half way between the Mormons and the corral.

"Bateman was met by one of the emigrants named Hamilton, to whom he promised protection for his party on condition that their arms were surrendered, assuring him they would be conducted in safety to Cedar City. After a brief parley each one returned to comrades. By whose order the

massacre was committed, or for what reason, other than those already mentioned, has never yet been clearly ascertained, but to the incidents and the plan of the conspirators, we have evidence that it is in the main reliable. During the week of the massacre, Lee, with several other Mormons, was encamped within a half mile of the emigrants camp, and as was alleged, though not distinctly proven at his trial, induced the Indians by promised booty to make the attack, but finding the resistance stronger than he anticipated had sent for aid to the settlements of Southern Utah.

"Thus far the evidence is contradictory. There is sufficient proof however, that in accordance with a program previously arranged at Cedar, a company of militia, among whom were the Legion of Honor, and Major Higley, and which was afterwards joined by Col. William H. Dame, Bishop of Cedar City, arrived at Lees camp on the evening before the massacre. It was then arranged that Lee should conclude terms with the emigrants, and as soon as they had delivered themselves into their power the Mormons should start for Hannibal's Ranch on the eastern side of the Meadows with the wagons, arms, the young children, and the sick and wounded. The men and women, the latter in front, were to follow the wagons all in single file. On each side of them the militia were to be marched two deep with twenty paces between their lines.

Within two hundred yards of the camp the men were to be brought to a halt until the women approached a copse of scrub oak about a mile distant and near to where the Indians lay in ambush. The men were now to resume their march. The militia forming into single file, each one walking beside of an emigrant and carrying his musket on his left arm. As soon as the women were close to the ambuscade, Higley, who was in charge of the detachment, was to give the signal by saying to his command, "Do your duty"; whereupon the militia were to shoot down the men, the Indians were to slaughter the women and children, sparing only those of tender age. Lee, with some of the wagons, were to butcher the sick and wounded. Mounted troopers were to be in readiness to pursue and slay any of those who attempted to escape, so that with the exception of infants no living soul should be left to tell the tale of the massacre.

The last victim was a little girl who came running up to the wagons covered with blood a few minutes after the disabled men had been murdered. She was shot down within sixty yards of where Lee was standing. The massacre was now completed and after stripping the bodies of all articles of value Brother Lee and his associates went to breakfast, returning, after a hearty meal, to bury the dead.

There is one more item I must not overlook. After they were all slain an Indian came across two girls hidden in the brush and brought them before Lee and asked Lee what was to be done with them. Lee replied they were too old to keep, and the Indians said they were too pretty to kill. Then Lee said "obey orders", and the Indian shot one of the girls, and Lee cut the throat of the other.

It takes too much space to give in detail all the horrors of this massacre, but to sum it up, according to the best information obtainable, a hundred and twenty lives were taken, and seventeen children between the ages of two months and seven years, were spared from the butchery.

According to the evidence, the Mormons and the Indians divided the

spoils, but the Indians became dissatisfied with the division. After a lapse of twenty years, during which there was trial after trial, with no jury ever agreeing, Lee was convicted. In the hearing he said "there must be a victim, and I am selected as the victim. I studied for thirty years to make Brigham Young my pleasure, and see what I have come to. I have been sacrificed in a cowardly dastardly manner." He was shot to death while seated on a rude made coffin, on the same spot where occurred the massacre.

Almost a day out from Mountain Meadow we came to the point where the road left the main trail. A halt was called, and Captain Hunt said those who wished to go with him could do so, and he would guide them to safety. The result was that out of the hundred and five wagons there was only seven that accompanied him. When we started on Captain Hunt called out to us "boys if you undertake that route you will go to hell."

I know now he knew whereof he spoke. He had had considerable desert experience, and we none. He realized these three men were fakes, sent out by the Church for a purpose, but to tell us so would mean the loss of his life. Brigham and the church wanted a short route to the Pacific Coast, and here was the opportunity of having that route prospected. Counting the toll in lives was a nominal consideration.

But the train moved on, notwithstanding Captain Hunt telling us where we would land. After two days travel we came to a bluff, seemingly a thousand feet to the bottom, and straight up and down. A small stream flowed at the bottom, and by using ropes and buckets we could get enough for camp use, using it sparingly. The oxen had to go without, and after a couple of days prospecting a greater part of the train turned back to take up Captain Hunt's trail. But the "Jay Hawkers of '49" said they had started on this trail, and would follow it or leave their bones on the way.

After reconnoitering we found, by taking a circuitous route, we could get the whole division, with the exception of two wagons. Others followed, but the "Jay Hawkers" took the lead, and kept it, and followed as direct a Western course as possible, turning aside for the low passes in the mountains. There was no solid range of mountains to cross, but rather a series of broken ranges where we crossed the passes at quite high altitudes. Thus week after week passed with scarcely any grass, and oxen becoming weaker from day to day, and then the distances were so great between water places. When water was found it seemed impossible to use it, being so blackish.

On one occasion we had gone five days without water, but through a kind Providence on the third night a snow came. About two or three inches fell, but before the ground was barely covered we were all out gathering the snow to melt, and before the storm had passed we had ample supply for ourselves and oxen. No doubt this is what saved many of us, for we never reached water for two days more. It became a cause of anxiety, whether we would ever reach the next watering place or not. It became the custom toward the last to send out men to prospect for water, and if water was found a smoke was made, as in this desert country smoke could be seen a great distance.

From day to day our cattle became weaker and weaker, and our provisions were getting low. So we were put on short allowance. Finally the

teams could pull no further, many had already died, so the wagons were abandoned and pack saddles made on the oxen.

On Christmas day, 1849, we were all busy making pack saddles, and cooking the scanty supply of flour into little biscuits, or crackers, as they were perfectly hard. We were divided into twos, from eight men to two men mess, and each one had his share allotted to him. We had a half dozen of the little crackers, about three or four spoonfuls of rice, and about as much dried apples, and this ended the bill of fare, which must last until we reached settlements.

California seemed a long way off. We did not know where we were, but I know we were much further off than we realized. The proposition now became a single one, for we just had to subsist on the oxen, and they had become so poor there was little or no nourishment in their flesh, as they were dying then from starvation.

As soon as an ox fell he was butchered, everything saved, especially the blood. We did not know where we were and we realized that the strictest economy must prevail. We even boiled the hide and it became partially tender. When we left Salt Lake we had two teams of four yoke of oxen to each, and only eight men, with what we considered ample provisions. Captain Hunt had told us of the distance to Los Angeles, and if we had remained with him we would have had abundance. When we killed an ox we cut the meat into strips, and dried it over a fire, during the night, so it would be ready to pack next day. We found little patches of grease wood, the only thing that grew in the desert, and this was of a very scrubby variety at best. It grew not more than two feet high, of the size of a finger, still, by searching diligently we could secure enough to answer our needs in camp.

Here is where Rev. J. W. Brier and family came up to us and wanted to travel with us. At first we objected, as we didn't want to be encumbered with any women, but we hadn't the heart to refuse. So they joined the "Jay Hawkers", and the little woman proved to be as plucky and brave as any woman that ever crossed the plains, either before or since. They had three small boys, about six or eight years old. When the smallest got too tired tramping he was placed on the back of an ox for a change.

I will state here that the only survivor of the family is now living at Lodi, California, the mother dying last May in her hundredth year. There were others who came to our camp, one was a company of Georgians, about fifteen of them. The next day we saw snow on the mountains in the distance, and we know if we could reach the pass through the mountains we would find water, so we started straight for it. But the Georgians hugged the foot of the mountain, in hopes of finding water in the canyon. They found no water, but did find a silver mine, of almost pure silver. I saw a piece they melted and made a gun-sight of.

Since writing the above J. W. Brier, Jr., has died, leaving only three of us left out of the original number of "Jay Hawkers" of thirty-nine.

Thousand and thousands of dollars have been spent trying to find the gun-sight lead. Governor Lore of Nevada fitted out several expeditions to try to find it, but it never has been located. I was offered all kinds of money in California to go back and hunt for it, but I never had the least inclination to accept.

Captain Townshend who seemed to be the head man of the Georgia company, took the company through on another route. They packed their provisions on their backs, and were better supplied than we were, as they still had some flour of which they gave a portion to the Brier family. They succeeded in getting through Walkers Pass, on to the head of Kern River, then into San Joaquin Valley and to Chowchilla River, where they were nearly all murdered by the Indians.

I believe there were but two who escaped. Another party of eleven men passed who thought they could make it by packing on their backs enough to last them. They had killed their oxen, dried the meat and packed what they could, and out of the eleven there was but two to finish the trip, the others having died, in a pile. These two would have died also had it not been they disagreed on the route to travel, and stole away in the night.

In 1864 I was travelling down Owens River Valley, below Owens Lake, and at a place now known as Indian Wells there came a man in from the Slate Range of Mountains. In the conversation he told me that some of his party in prospecting had come across the remains of nine men all together behind a little barricade of brush. They had probably built a wind brake, and had died right there from thirst. I made him promise that he would see the remains properly buried upon his return.

Speaking of thirst, there is no punishment that has any comparison. It is the most agonizing suffering possible and the feeling is indescribable. Our tongues would be swollen, our lips crack, and a crust would form on our tongue and roof of mouth that could not be removed. The body seemed to be dried through and through, and there wouldn't be a drop of moisture in the mouth, at these times we thought of Barney Ward, and I just can't imagine what we would have done to him had we had him near.

So day by day we pursued our way, our cattle and ourselves growing weaker and weaker. The outlook was gloomy, and often when we killed a steer we looked forward to the marrow found in the bones. But in breaking the bones often there would be nothing there but a little bloody substance, and I suppose our bones were much in the same condition, as we had become as starved as they were.

Another party, called the Bennett party, tried a little different route from ours. They struck off South from us on the other side of the mountain. I didn't know the number in the party, but there were two families of Bennetts, and Arcane, and each had a wife, but no children. There may have been ten or a dozen altogether. They called a halt and sent two of their number, Lewis Manly and John Rogers, on to the settlements for supplies and pack animals. They thought the trip there and back wouldn't take more than two weeks, but they were gone five, and those behind gave up all hope and resigned themselves to their fate. About this time the boys returned, and when within a few hundred yards of camp found one lying dead. They saw no sign of life in the camp, and gave the rest up for dead. A few minutes later they heard a feeble cry, "there they are, the boys, I knew they would come back," the women said, and such a rejoicing as there was. Manly says in his book that he wrote later, that when he came upon the dead man lying there, his heart stood still, and that never would he go through moments of such misery again for all the money in

the world.

It became a great task now to save our oxen. We had used all the iron shoes, and had to depend upon moccasins for the oxen as well as for ourselves. We made them from the hides, but some of the country was so rough with rock, sharp as flint, that every day new moccasins had to be put on the oxen.

We finally reached Death Valley, where we lost two men, Fish and Isham, who were of the Brier party. One of our party went out hunting water, Deacon Richards by name. Providentially he found a spring, just about dusk. He gave the usual sign and from that time up until midnight the company came staggering in, but in the morning we found two missing. We took water and started back and found them dead within a hundred yards of each other. We named the spring Providence Spring, and it retains its name to this day. It was always so when water was found, the strongest came in first, and the weakest was last. Those first in returned to help the others, and so long as they kept their courage there was hope, but just as soon as they gave up a little they wouldn't last long.

I remember one incident relating to this and that was the case of Captain Asa Haines. He was quite elderly compared with the rest of us, probably sixty years of age. He would remark, "Boys, if I only had the corn that my hogs at home are rooting in the mud I would consider it the greatest luxury imaginable," and then would cry like a baby. A few days later he said to us, "Boys, I feel that I can't go any further and I'll have to leave you". I knew then that he would die soon, and told my mess-mate, Bill Rude, that Captain Haines would not live until morning. We had each saved two or three of our little biscuits and a couple of spoonfuls of rice. I told Bill I was willing to give all I had to Asa Haines if he would. So we took the last morsel we had saved, made a kind of stew of it and carried this to Haines. He said, "Boys, you have saved my life", and we knew we had. It did us more good, yes ten times over, than if we had eaten it ourselves.

We all thought a great deal of the Captain, and I have never felt so satisfied in my life with a deed, as I did in knowing that I was the means of helping to save a valuable life. He remained in California a short time, and returned to Illinois, where he lived not more than three miles from my father's house. Father wrote me that Captain Haines often came to the house and told him that his son saved his life in California. Bill Rude was also a neighbor of his, and thought a great deal of him. He felt that we could get to California and a few spoonfuls of food to us was nothing compared to a human life.

From Providence Springs we crossed the range of mountains, and going down the other side, one of the best oxen went over the cliff and broke his back. We had to stop and make him into jerky. It seemed only a short distance across to the snow mountains that loomed up in sight, but the remainder of that day and the next went by before we came to water, which has since been known as Indian Wells, owing to the water being in holes or wells.

At this camp Manly and Rogers saw our light and thought us Indians, until they heard my voice and they then knew we were "Jay Hawkers". They came into camp and were made welcome to all we had. We struck a

broad plain trail that we knew must lead to settlements and we resolved to follow it no matter where it lead. It took a southerly direction instead of a westerly, but we were bound to stay with the trail. We found out afterwards that this trail was made by the Owen River Indians, or Piutes, who made raids into the large ranches of California and ran off hundreds of head of horses at a single drive. The Spaniards were afraid to follow, as they would be outnumbered. A year or so afterward I stayed overnight at Williams Ranch, where there were thousands and thousands of cattle and horses, and the owner told me that he had made a treaty with the chief of the Indians, presenting him with a fine horse and silver-mounted saddle, and the Indians always knew his brand after that and never troubled him.

Manly and Rogers next morning took the trail and hurried, as they were anxious to make the trip and get back to their company. We travelled two more days, and then the trail ran right into an immense desert, and we could scarcely see the mountains beyond. If the trail had not led that way we never would have thought of facing such a dreary outlook. In after years I found this was the Mohave Desert. Going on we found an immense lot of bones all along the trail. After two days of travel we came to a spring right in the middle of the desert. There was quite a patch of willows growing around the water, and plenty water for our use, although it ran but a few rods and then sank into the sand. While here we killed another ox, and prepared the meat for jerky.

CHAPTER III.

It proved to be a long way to the mountains, for we were three days and nights making the trip. Our progress was slow, and there was much suffering. Many could travel but a few hundred yards at a time, and so the weaker ones were hours behind in getting into camp. When water was found the smoke was made and this would put new life and energy into the weak ones. One man named Robinson, had become so weak we had to put him on a poor little mule we had. He said in the morning he couldn't make it, but we thought he could on the mule. When within thirty or forty steps of the camp fire he fell off. We tried to assist him, but he begged to be left alone, saying he would come when rested. About fifteen minutes later, as he hadn't come in, we went to get him and found him dead. The next morning we buried him as best we could, for the ground was hard and rocky and we only had our knives to dig with, and our hands to throw out the dirt. At this same camp a Frenchman, his name not known, became insane and after wandering away was captured by the Indians and kept a slave for fourteen years. He was finally rescued by a United States surveying party and brought to the settlements.

At this watering place the trail seemed to be obliterated and from here we ascended a long hill, or divide, and after crossing saw a brook with running water, the first we had seen for months. It looked good to us, and we concluded it must empty into the Pacific Ocean, which was correct, for this proved to be the headwaters of the Santa Clara River that empties into the ocean near San Buena Ventura. Here we found timber and signs of game,—the tracks of a grizzly bear where we had crossed the creek. Three of us started after him, and followed the tracks till dark. We camped on

the tracks, intending to follow him next morning. I stood watch the first half of the night, and the other two were to take the last half. I called them and then crawled under the blanket, and in a moment I was asleep, but the boys never got up. In the morning when I awoke I could hardly get my breath, so I threw back the blanket and found the snow fully four inches deep. This ended the bear hunt, and when we got back to camp we found the oxen had stampeded and had run away beyond all recovery. This left us with one ox, and we would not have had him only some one had happened to be leading him. This was all we had left out of sixteen we left Salt Lake with, besides two horses. It was only our mess, or division that lost the cattle. The others were further behind and did not get into the stampede. We didn't mind much, as we felt we were now in a game country and could live anyway, but we didn't find game so plentiful.

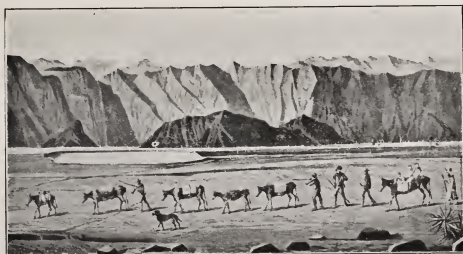
The next game we came across, was an old mare and two colts, a yearling and a two-year-old. Ed Doty and Bill Rude happened to be ahead and got all three of them. We camped right there and built a fire and went to eating. I thought I never had eaten anything that tasted as good. They had a little fat on them and that was what tasted so good to us. We ate the old mare up that night and made jerky of the colts to pack along. As Rev. Mr. Brier was well supplied with oxen, he kindly permitted us to pack one or two of his oxen.

Two or three days later some of the boys killed a deer, and some of us stayed back to dry the meat, and the rest went on. Among those that stayed was old man Gould, as we called him, and he and I tried to sleep together. We had only one single blanket between us and he wouldn't pull his boots off. He said if he had to die he wanted to die with his boots on. He seemed a little off in his mind, and by the way, there were two in our party who never did get entirely in their right minds again. The next day brought us out into the most beautiful valley I ever saw in all my life, Paradise, in fact. It was covered with thousands of cattle feeding, and they looked so fat and sleek, I never had anything that impressed me as that sight did, I felt as though I could stand there and gaze on it forever.

After coming off the desert the contrast was beyond all description. The boys that were ahead of us, when they came to the cattle, shot three or four. It seemed to them that each man could eat a steer. The Spaniards heard the shooting and didn't know what to make of it, but gathered such arms and other implements as they had, and came out to where the boys were. They did not know then what they were, as the boys were so emaciated and ragged. In fact our boys didn't pay much attention to them, for they were too busy skinning and tearing off the fat parts of the meat and eating it just as it was. They hadn't taken time to start a fire to cook it. It just happened that we had a man with us that had been in the Mexican War, and he knew little Spanish. His name was Tom Shannon. When the Spaniards saw the condition of the company they said, "Buena Mericanas", and told them to come on down to the Ranch and they would kill an animal for them there, but the boys wouldn't take any chances, and they began to load themselves with beef. The Spaniards told them that was too much hard work. The boys marched down to the ranch about four miles distant, and when they arrived, found a bullock already slaughtered. The boys went at once to eating roasted meat, and eating all they could stuff. This came



"THE EMIGRANT TRAIN," From a painting by Andrew P. Hill



"THE JAYHAWKERS IN DEATH VALLEY," From Manly's "Death Valley in '49"

THE START AND THE FINISH OF THE EMIGRANT'S JOURNEY



near killing some of them, as it was too rich for their weakened condition. We were lucky in being a day behind and profited by their experience. We ate sparingly at first, a little at a time. I know the first night at the ranch I got up two or three times in the night and roasted me a piece of beef. In fact I couldn't sleep from thinking how good the meat was. It did taste good, though our stomachs craved fat more than anything else, even castor oil tasted fine. This ranch lies on the Santa Clara River, and is called San Franciscita, and was owned by Del Vule. The manager was Jose Saluzur, and in fiction the ranch was the home of Ramona.

We certainly were well treated. They gave us everything they had, such as beef, corn, milk, wheat, and chilipeppers and offered us money, but of course we could not accept money, as they had been so kind. Some of the boys had money and offered to pay for what had been furnished us, but they wouldn't take a cent. In fact they were the most hospitable people I ever was among where the country was first settled, but that state of affairs changed after a few years.

After being at this ranch for a day or two, we thought we would have a bath in that beautiful stream of water. Upon removing my clothes I was actually frightened. I found I was nothing but a skeleton. My thighs were not larger than my arm, and the knee joints were like knots on a limb, and on my hip bone the skin was calused as thick as sole leather and just as hard, caused by lying on the hard ground and rocks. We were all of us in a pitiful condition, hardly fit subjects for a picture show. After recuperating a few days at the ranch we began to try to make arrangements for getting on to the mines. Some went one way and some another, and some came up by water from San Pedro, which was a very wise thing to do.

But we all did not have the money to do that, and I was one of that number, so, instead of starting up the Coast via San Buena Ventura, I went to Los Angeles to take a start from there. I was only there three or four days, when I found an opportunity to come along with a couple of men who were buying up pack mules. I could travel with them if I could furnish my own saddle and help drive the mules. So I paid four dollars for a saddle tree, or what the Spaniards call a busta. This left me with only a dollar. Everything went well enough until we arrived at Santa Barbara. I had been in the habit of taking the mules out to graze every morning as soon as it was light enough, so at Santa Barbara I did the same thing, but it happened to be a cold stormy morning, and rain poured down. I had no coat, just a woolen shirt, and no vest, and the mules were very hard to manage. They wanted to travel with the storm in spite of all I could do. Time went on and I kept getting colder and colder. Ten o'clock came, and no relief party hove in sight as had been the custom up to that time, but I supposed it was a little too stormy for them to turn out. And the longer I waited and the more I thought of it, the madder I got. I gave the mules a good scare, and they went a flying, and I turned and broke for shelter. By this time we had drifted with the storm about four miles, and I had to face the storm going back. When I entered the dining room where the pair were smoking their pipes by a good warm fire, the first greeting I got was "Where are those mules gone to?" Then I let loose on them and don't know what I told them, but it wasn't anything very pretty. There was a large butcher knife lying on the table near by and I kept my eye on that and was careful to

stand near it, but they were great cowards, both of them, and did not try taking revenge at that time. They certainly were brutal taking advantage of a poor helpless boy and imposing on him in that manner.

This left me stranded in Santa Barbara with a single dollar, so in order to make my dollar go as far as I could I would buy me a piece of beef and a few crackers, or hard tack, and go out to where there was a big log burning just on the outskirts of the town. I kept this up for a few days until an old Spanish woman, who had seen me making my trips out to the old log, finally hailed me and asked, "Why don't you come here and eat?" Of course I could not understand a word she said, but she just made me understand by bringing out her friholes, tortillas, meat and coffee, and putting them before me. I understood what she meant then and she made it plain that she wanted me to come every day and for every meal. She seemed to have plenty, and evidently she could see by my looks that I needed fattening. I hadn't gained any flesh as yet and my cheek bones stood out quite prominently. I spent most of my time trying to find some work, but there was no building going on, and as I had no knowledge of Spanish there were no openings for work. I believe there was but one American there and he kept a grocery store, but he had nothing for me to do. Prospects looked gloomy, and I was two thousand miles from home, with no money. I had suffered everything but death to get there, and was still some five or six hundred miles from my destination, the mines. How to reach the mines was a problem. I knew I could walk but had no money to help me on the way. While in this quandary some emigrant wagons drove in, and camped at the old log where I first cooked my meat. The teams all belonged to a man called Dallas. There were four of them and they proved to be a part of our original train of 105 wagons and Old Dallas was one of the parties who had turned back and taken up Captain Hunt's trail. As I had a partial acquaintance with him to begin with, but I knew him better by his reputation and that wasn't the best. I thought if I could make some arrangements with him whereby I could reach the mines I didn't care much if he did get the best of the bargain. After talking with him we made an agreement that he should board me at the price of twelve dollars a week, and give me the privilege of riding in the wagon, as I was still too weak to attempt heavy walking, and I wanted to be in good condition to work when I reached the mines. I was to pay for my passage when I got work in the mines. Everything was satisfactory, and we started; about two days out one of the drivers said he had a lame back, Dallas came to me and asked me to take the man's place, saying he would make it allright with me. For five weeks I drove the team through wet grass up to my waist in many places. If the sun happened to be out my clothes would hardly be dry before noon. This was an every morning occurrence, and still the man's back continued to be lame, for it was much easier riding in the wagon than walking and driving the team.

At one place a tree had fallen across the road, and had been partially cut away, but when I attempted to pass, the tree stove in the end gate of the wagon. There was but one thing to do and that was to cut the tree off, and while I was busy doing this "Old Dallas" came up and started his abuse. He stopped at nothing in his tirade, and I stood it as long as I could, finally starting for him, telling him he had gone too far already. He

ran around the wagon, keeping the wagon between us, and by this time others of the party came up and quiet was restored again. This ended my driving team, for I told him I wouldnt drive another step for him.

We finally reached and passed through San Jose, about March, 1850. The Legislature was in session here, and at this time San Jose was nothing but a Greaser settlement of adobe shanties, dives and all manner of gambling dens were running full force. Santa Clara street ran to Third, and after that you ran into the mustard. In fact three or four blocks from the center of town in any direction you got into the mustard, which was so thick and high it was well nigh impassable, except in the trails made by cattle.

Going towards San Jose Mission we passed two houses, the first was occupied by Mr. Vestal, about a mile from town, and in the second house Jim Murphy lived. Just beyond the crossing of Coyote Creek some Alviso's lived near the foothills on the east side of the valley. On the road, where Milpitas now is, there was nothing but a horse corral, and in Milpitas I built the first cabin in 1852.

Passing the Mission we came into the Livermore Valley, and Livermore himself lived there at the time and offered me work at two hundred dollars a month and board. He had a building he wanted done, but we passed on. We reached the San Joaquin Plains, and they looked very beautiful, for at this time they were covered with wild flowers, and were level as far as eye could see. The plains resembled the Illinois prairies more than anything I had seen on the whole trip. There were bands of wild horses, or mustangs as they were called, and herds and herds of elk and antelope,—there seemed to be no limit to them.

I never saw so much game in such a space of country, excepting the buffalo on the plains. It seemed as if there was wild game enough to feed a nation. Speaking of game, California was the best country I ever saw; one could go anywhere in the State, and find all the game he wished.

We crossed the San Joaquin River at Bounsall's ferry, just where the railroad crosses now. The old man's heart was nearly broken when he found he had to pay a fee of ten dollars a wagon and a dollar a yoke for the oxen in order to ferry; but it was either pay or stay on that side of the river. Fifteen miles brought us to Stockton, and on the day we arrived I had been just one year on the road, with the exception of six weeks I spent in Salt Lake. Everything was lively in Stockton. Buildings of all kinds were being rushed, and lumber was selling for three hundred dollars a thousand, at that time all the lumber came around the Horn, and carpenters' wages were an ounce or sixteen dollars a day. There were many cloth houses, tents of all kinds, and shacks of every description. Some of the better houses cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and over. Freightng charges were from six to ten cents a pound to the mines. People were flocking to the mines, some walking with their blankets strapped on their backs; some were in stages; some on mule back; but all were trying to reach the gold district. Many came back and reported the whole thing a hoax and a failure.

CHAPTER IV.

My first experience in mining was at Merced River, where I paid sixteen dollars for a shovel, eight dollars for a pick, fifty dollars for a rocker, four for a gold pan, and thirty-two dollars for a pair of boots. Everything else was in proportion, and vegetables were out of the question, as I saw a man pay a dollar and a half for a single onion.

My success varied from day to day, for on one day I wouldn't make an ounce, and on others maybe two ounces or more. The general belief was that if the bars paid so well in gold the bed of the river ought to prove a harvest. So we formed a company to turn the river, and about twenty of us undertook the job. An Indian squaw man, Jim Savage, had told us that his Indians had waded into the river when it was low and had taken out an ounce to the bater, or wooden bowl. This was at the horse shoe bend of the river, and after much hard work we succeeded in turning the river, and where we expected to shovel gold, we found but ten or fifteen cents to the pan. We found out afterwards that this man was known as the biggest liar at the mines, and later, while in a quarrel with Major Harvey, he was shot dead. After we found out our work was all for naught we broke camp and scattered to all parts of the mines. I drifted over on the Tuolumne River, to a place called Hurts Bar, and started work at a half ounce a day. A company of twenty had been formed to turn the river, and one of the interested parties wished me to take his place, as he wanted to prospect. After three or four weeks work I wanted to see some money, so the company called a miners meeting and voted me this man's share of the mine. I knew this would hold good, as miners laws stood preeminent to all others, but the man never came back so I was never molested. We finally turned the river and work began in earnest. The strike was rich, and we took out gold by the pound.

Our largest day's work yielded twenty-four pounds avoirdupois weight; in Troy weight it would have amounted to 32 pounds at that time. Hardly a day passed but what we took out eight pounds, and we were much encouraged and worked hard. We kept three rockers running. The largest part of the work consisted in keeping the water bailed out, and around the edge of the water was a yellow streak of gold. It looked fine, and all went joyfully for about three weeks when the rains began unusually early. We had no tents, nothing but brush shanties, and the rain just poured down all night. We had to stand up around the fire with a blanket around us. This was about the twentieth of September, and the next day about two P. M. we heard a terrible roaring of water coming down the river. We hardly had time to get our tools out of the claim until the water was upon us. It seemed about fifteen feet high. There were three dams above us, and the swelling of the waters took the first when the next gave way, and so on, and by the time the water reached us it was fully fifteen feet high, and the river rose in less time than it takes to write it. We had no dam, as we had taken the water from the other side of the river and brought it over in an aqueduct to a bar where we had a chance to extend the canal. We had made the aqueduct of whip-sawed lumber and had brought it down off the mountain by hand. It was about one hundred feet long, sixteen feet wide and four feet deep, and this will show the amount of work we had put into

it. When the water thundered down the river it struck the aqueduct in the middle, and it parted and went down the river like chaff before the wind. One or two little incidents happened which I must mention. A man came down the river on the opposite shore, he gazed at the water for some minutes, and then plunged in, thinking to swim that torrent. He was carried down the stream, and we saw his head once in a while on the crest of the waves. He finally landed on a rock, about fifteen feet from the shore on the side he went in on. In a few minutes along came a grizzly bear, close to us, but he paid no attention to us but plunged right into the river and swam almost straight across. We were right at the head of a canyon, and the water ran at a fierce speed, but that bear swam that river almost in a direct line, and seemed to do it without any effort.

So far as river mining was concerned we knew the season was over, and the men began preparations to leave and go prospecting. About this time a man came along who had owned the upper dam, with fifty-five Mexicans. He proposed to work our mine with his Mexicans on shares. He proposed to throw in a wing dam, and turn one half the river on the other side and give us one-third of all he took out. Some of the men didn't have much faith, but as he was bearing all the expense, they concluded to let him go ahead.

The usual method in building wing dams is to build two walls of rocks, an outer and an inner wall, commencing at the shore, running out half way across the river, and keeping them about two feet apart. The outer wall is made tight with canvas on the inside, and the space between the two walls is filled with sand, canvass preventing the water from washing the sand away. This makes the dam tight. In the same manner the walls are built down stream. Our company were all anxious to get away, and I was asked to stay to look after the interest of the mine. Then Jim Murrell, the man who had leased the mine, wanted me to take charge of his work, as I was going to stay anyway. But I couldn't talk Spanish fluently, so I hesitated, but finally agreed to take charge of the work for a half ounce a day. Jim stayed around for a day or two, and then he was off. In fact he was a Texan gambler, and didn't give his personal attention to any work. I didn't see anything more of him for about two weeks, and by this time I had the work well in hand, and he seemed to be much pleased with the condition of things.

I think I never had charge of a better crew of men, they worked willingly and well. Maybe it was because they hadn't had their summer's pay as yet, but however, they seemed to take an interest, and worked splendidly. The next time Jim came around I had commenced taking out gold, and it was just as rich as ever. At night I had to keep close watch for fear the gold would be stolen from before my eyes. If the gold was stolen it wasn't because I didn't keep close watch, but because they were too quick for me. Sometimes I would have many thousands of dollars on hand and only a bush shanty for protection, then I would pack it in with one of the men and take it up to Jacksonville, where there was a store and a safe to deposit it.

This was done over and over again, the distance to Jacksonville being about two miles and a half. We worked until December, as the season happened to be fairly dry, but soon the rain came and we ceased operations

for the season. We gathered together as many of the company as we could find, and had a settlement. Those present drawing out their share, and the balance being left in the safe until called for. Jim Murrell made enough to pay all his men, and had enough dust left when he came to me to double my wages, giving me an ounce a day instead of a half, telling me I had handled the Mexicans so ably and directed the work so well that I deserved the extra half ounce.

From there I went up to a Chinese camp about five miles distant, and took up some placer claims, about thirty feet square to a claim. The prospects were fine. From the grass down to the bed rock, about four feet, it paid from one bit to four bits on the bed rock. So I commenced work, throwing up dirt for the winter's work, and making excavations to hold the water when the rain started. I caught enough water with the first rain to wash up a few pans of dirt, netting me five dollars, but the water gave out.

I built a log cabin, the first cabin I had lived in since being in the country. During all this time, I had never had a coat, in fact one hardly needed a coat, and it was the fashion amongst miners to go without a coat. Early in the spring I went down on Woods Creek and worked on the bars with fair success. It was the custom if a claim didn't pay an ounce to the man, we would abandon it, and as mining excitements were always springing up, or stampedes as they called them, we didn't stay long on a poor claim.

So I went on about one hundred and fifty miles to a new camp called Fine Gold Gulch, but before I went, I went back to the Chinese Claims to see what I could do with them. I kept my title good by leaving tools in the hole, as that was the custom for holding a claim. If the tools were removed the claim was supposed to be abandoned, and could be jumped. I sold the claims for thirty dollars and with the promise if they paid more I was to have a share.

The men had gone to Stockton and bought dump carts and horses and hauled the dirt to a spring three-quarters of a mile away, and there washed out the gold, twenty-one thousand dollars by fall.

We found the Indians bad at Gold Gulch, and very little gold was found. I stayed for two months and then left the mines in disgust and went to Stockton to work in the hay yards. A few days later I met some boys from Illinois with whom I had gone to school. The Gillette boys had three or four mules and wanted me to take charge of the hay bailing.

I had a chance to buy a half interest in a mule team and turned it in on work for the Gillette boys. They paid three hundred dollars a month for ourselves and team and paid all expense. They had a hay yard at Sonora and one at Columbia, and the hay was sold as fast as it was hauled for one hundred and fifty dollars a ton. They had a hay yard in Stockton which I took charge of. Adjoining this yard was a livery stable kept by Wolfe Dallas, or "Old Dallas" as we used to call him. "Old Dallas" had a race horse that he thought pretty fast. There was another character, Headsputh by name, who also had a race horse called the Headsputh colt, and also a fake race horse called the same name. This fellow had the fake colt painted to resemble the race horse and kept him at Dallas' stable. Headsputh bragged about his colt, and Dallas argued his could beat the colt. One moonlight night, Dallas took the horses out for a trial, while

Headsputh kept hid watching him, and of course the Dallas horse ran right away from the colt, but Headsputh said nothing and continued to brag about his colt. So the race was made for twenty thousand dollars to be run at Oakland.

Dallas got all his friends in on this sure thing, and when the race was won and the genuine colt ran away with the race "Old Dallas" cried like a baby. This about broke him, but the people didn't seem to feel sorry for him and I thought this might be payment for all his meanness.

CHAPTER V.

Late in the fall I left Stockton for Santa Clara Valley to try farming. I bought the other half interest in the mule team and joined a party of seven men that had leased five hundred acres. I wasn't in partnership with them but had all the work I could do with my team. One of the party went back East and shipped out two thrashing machines, and two McCormick reapers, which were about the first in the valley. I was the only one in the number who understood the machines, as I had had two years experience in the East with them. I put all the machines together, and ran them. One of the threshers they sold to Old Jimmie Murphy and they also sold one of the reapers. Threshing was three bits a bushel for barley. We kept busy the entire season, until the rains forced us to stop.

Speaking about the forty thieves—by the name one would think they really were a band of thieves, but from my acquaintance with most of them I took them to be honorable and upright men, at least those I knew were, such as Isaac Branham, Hon. Houghton Quivey, Capt. Aram, Chas. White, John Kearney and others who stood well in the community. Under the Mexican Government certain lands were granted to Pueblo de San Jose in the year 1847. The capital at that time was at Monterey but in 1849, when California became a state they began to seek a more suitable place as at that time most of the population was in the northern and central part of the state, as the mining interests predominated largely, San Jose was one of the most important places at that time, and it was selected as the proper place. Consequently, there had to be a capitol building erected and certain ones advanced the money for the erection of the building and many other purposes also, and the Legislature of 1849 and 1850, convened in said Pueblo at that time. Owing to the indebtedness for the erection of the building, the commissioners or the Legislature, I am not sure which, set aside the Pueblo lands to satisfy the claimants and each one was granted five hundred acres. It will have to be considered also that land at that time was not very valuable around San Jose.

The company I was interested with leased from White and Kearney 500 acres of this Pueblo land for farming purposes. There were five of us interested in the venture. I speak of it as a venture as it was not well known then, in 1851, that anything could be raised without irrigation. That year demonstrated the fact thoroughly that farming could be done successfully here without irrigation. While living there and seeing so much land lying about loose, the thought struck me that I might have some of it as well as not. Believing myself to be an American citizen, I proceeded to take up and claim a hundred and sixty acres where Milpitas is now situated and built a

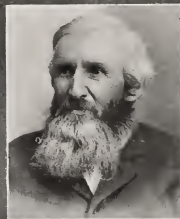
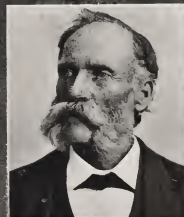
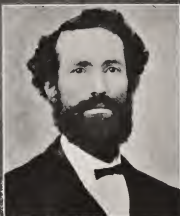
house thereon, which was the beginning of Milpitas. I think the house is still standing. Soon after that some of our company with myself, concluded to go to the lower country and buy cattle, so I sold my interest in Milpitas for a small sum, but have always kept it in fondest recollection.

Down near the San Jose Mission, there was quite a little Mormon settlement and we were reaping the Mun's crop, who was a Mormon and afterwards he bought the machine we were running while there. Parly P. Pratt came there from Australia with a young woman that he said was his spiritual wife. Well, she had spirit enough for two as far as spirit goes. When we were all called in for dinner into the dining room, there was Pratt with his wife in his lap and she combing his whiskers with her fingers. I thought it took some spirit to do that right before us all, but it may have been an evil spirit. I will speak of Mr. Pratt later. We proceeded with the usual routine as is generally practiced in farming operations, until the harvesting and threshing was completed and as I had no interest in the grain crop I concluded to plant potatoes and succeeded in getting fifty acres planted. It was almost impossible to get seed potatoes to plant, so had to plant such as I could get, which proved to be very poor, just the cullings. The consequence was they never came up only at long distances apart and the result was never a potato was dug, showing what a little thing that will prove either for or against. If my crop had turned out well, it would have made me a fortune as they were very high that year, the price commencing at potato-digging time at four cents per pound and gradually increasing in price until they ran up to fourteen cents per pound. The boys, having fifteen acres adjoining mine sold them at four cents a pound and netted them five thousand dollars. My fifty acres would have brought me at the lowest price fifty thousand dollars.

Horner Down, near the Mission, had in fifteen hundred acres in potatoes that year and sold to Beard in the ground. Beard cleared sixty thousand dollars on the deal—that was in 1852, and in 1853 they were not worth digging.

Thousands of sacks were emptied into the Bay in order to save the sacks. Over-production was the cause and no place to ship them to. When threshing season came on, I, as it happened, was the principal spoke in the wheel to make the machinery go, so with myself and the use of my mule team was able to earn ten dollars a day. By the time the season closed I had earned quite a little, even if I did lose my potato crop. It was not to be for me or I would have had it, consequently I never grieved over it.

The next venture was to go to the lower country and buy cattle. We used to call Los Angeles, San Diego, and all that country down there, the lower country. Some of the boys on the ranch, including myself (I think there were five of us all together) tried to get started, but it was very hard. We stayed in San Jose for nearly a week waiting for the water to go down so we could get to Alviso to take a boat for San Francisco. We started at 6 A. M., and we arrived at Alviso at 3 P. M. I know I waded the bigger part of the way and carried a woman on my back. I told her it was the only way I could carry her and it was either that or wade the same as I was doing. There were here and there little knolls where I could let her down and get my wind for she was pretty heavy. After some of the passengers would get the stage picked out of the mud and come along where



JOHN B. COLTON
EDWARD F. BARTHOLOMEW
THOMAS SHANNON

GEORGE ALLEN
JOHN L. WEST
WM. L. MANLY

JAYHAWKERS OF '49



we were resting, we would all get in again and perhaps within another hundred yards down the stage would go to the axle and then the same thing had to be gone through with again. I began to get pretty tired of my pack, but there was no getting out of it. She considered that she had gotten slightly acquainted with me by riding on my back and wouldn't think of changing on to a strange back. I never had seen the woman before or since. A long time after I was very slow in showing my gallantry as far as the ladies were concerned, for fear of getting into another job of packing. We finally got on board the boat and the bay was very rough and the dear lady that I had carried to Alviso was so sick, yes she was awful sick.

We had to lay in San Francisco for several days, the steamers refused to go outside in such rough weather and the only thing we could do was to wait. One or two boats started and before getting outside the heads returned again to the wharf. Passage at that time from San Francisco to San Pedro was forty-five dollars and four dollars more to Los Angeles in the stages and mule team. Ours happened to be a mule team and the driver said he had never drove stage much before, but give him an oxen team and he would not lay down the whip to any one. We would occasionally get out and load ourselves with rocks and clods of dirt to cheer the mules on the road, as I thought we never would get there. At that time the Express Company charged three percent for carrying money from San Francisco to Los Angeles, so we had our state room and carried our own money. Some one would always be in the state room. We could insure our passage money by carrying all the gold coin ourselves. Nearly all the gold was in fifty dollar slugs and very inconvenient to carry. When we arrived at Los Angeles we deposited it in a safe. It was estimated that there was a million dollars deposited in different safes belonging to cattle men. Upon arriving there one of our number was all broke out with the smallpox and I had slept with him the night before. I knew it was no use to run from it then, so I stayed with him until he was well and never took it either; since then I have been exposed to it several times and never have taken it on any occasion. My partner and I buried a baby that had died with it; we were the only mourners, in fact the only ones there.

After a time, we went up to San Bernardino. We had heard that the Mormons had driven a good many cattle there from Salt Lake City, which we found to be true. They were all work oxen and in fine condition. We were there several weeks buying up cattle as long as we had the money to buy with. While there and just across the street from where I was boarding, lived the wife of Parly P. Pratt and by some means she learned my name was Stephens, and she had been a Stephens before her marriage to Pratt, and she thought sure we must be in some way related, therefore she sent for me to come and see them. She was the former and first wife of Parly P., and had two fine looking grown daughters. I not only spent a very pleasant evening with them, but a good many more following, but we couldn't figure out any relationship. Parly P. was not there. I suppose he was off somewhere hunting up some more spiritualists. Well, the old lady never mentioned his name while I was there, neither did I tell her of his Australia Spiritual wife that I had seen combing his whiskers with her fingers. Too bad that as fine a woman as she appeared to be should have to submit to the brutality of such men and be one of the twelve apostles and

one of the guiding lights of the church. Speaking of Pratt I might as well follow him up to a finish. In 1855, by some means or other, he became acquainted with a family by the name of McPlune and kept making frequent visits there. They were living in San Francisco and the wife became very much in love with him and he finally succeeded in having her sealed to him and becoming a Spiritual wife. This was all unknown to her husband. Finally McPlune became somewhat suspicious and forbid his coming there any more, and it grew worse and worse. At last he concluded to leave the country and removed his family to Arkansas and with the same year Pratt followed up and when the man was absent from home, he abducted the wife and two children. When McPlune returned some of his friends told him what had happened. He took a friend or two with him and overtook the fleeing party and shot Pratt from the horse he was riding and killed him. That was the end of Parly P. Pratt's career in the Spiritual wife business.

On the way up the Coast with our cattle I will have to mention a little incident that was a rather thrilling experience, at least for a little while. One night when we were camping, one of the steers died and by morning he had been entirely eaten up by the grizzly bears. There must have been several of them to have eaten a whole oxen. When we were ready to start, I told the boys that I would take a gun and go over the hills and perhaps I might find a deer as they were plentiful. After traveling perhaps a mile or so I saw a grizzly bear off in the distance digging, turning over chunks to get the worms and bugs, I suppose. There happened to be a small tree near the bear, and between the bear and me, the moss was grown over so thick I could not see through it. In order to get a shot at the bear I turned the horse a little to one side and the minute he saw the bear he jumped and shied and I could do nothing with him. In the meantime the bear was standing on his hind feet and his arms stretched out ready to receive company, and without thinking I jumped from the horse's back and let Mr. Bear have it right between the out-stretched arms. I remember seeing the bear hit himself with his paw, where the ball had struck him and that was all I did see for a while, for the horse made off as fast as he could run and I was hanging on to the rope that was around his neck. He ran for about a hundred and fifty yards before stopping and as he stopped I was sure the bear had me, but I arose and looked back and there the bear was making off in the opposite direction, for which I was deeply grateful. I was not hurt much except the wild oats had almost whipped my eyes out. I went back and gathered up my gun and began to make some discoveries and found a center shot had been given the bear and at every leap he had left a stream of blood. I followed him for about a half mile and then he went down into a deep gulch full of brush and so I gave up the chase, but I know that I gave him a mortal wound. This was quite a picnic to have all alone.

On arriving at San Jose with our cattle we were offered 18 cents per pound for all we had by a San Francisco butcher. This was a good price, and two of us wanted to sell and three wanted to hold on to the cattle and drive them up into the mines, where we could get a great deal more for them, so the minority had to submit to the majority.

So we drove on up and stopped in the neighborhood of Sacramento and looked around through the mines for a purchaser, but 16 cents was the best offer we ever had and the consequence was that I sold out my interest to

the other boys and waited for my pay until they could sell them, which was not until the next winter and they then brought them one hundred and twenty-seven dollars per head. They had cost us just forty-nine dollars per head, including all expenses. After selling my interest in the cattle I went to San Francisco and bought a couple of teams and went to hauling lumber. Up to that time all the lumber was hauled on drags and they could not handle the long lumber very well. I was among the first to start double teams. I don't think there was more than half a dozen teams in San Francisco at that time and I had all I could do at almost any price I wished to ask, and did well in the venture. The next winter I sold out my teams and was ready for the lower country again to drive cattle.

Speaking of the company in the cattle business there was one with whom, by mutual agreement, I became great friends, by name M. S. Wilson. In fact we were together for about eleven years and most of that time in partnership. We were sometimes dubbed as David and Jonathan. Finally someone stepped in and cut me out and I never felt much grieved over it, for I could not blame him very much, as the other partner and rival happened to be a beautiful young lady of Santa Clara and one of the Chandler family. As for my own part, I did not yield to such temptation until 1867, when I too raised the white flag and surrendered and said farewell to bachelorhood and married Miss Julia Ludlum of San Francisco. I have never regretted the rash deed and hope to live through the short time allotted us as genial and pleasantly as in the past.

I took the steamer again for San Pedro, thence by stage to Los Angeles, with about the same routine as the year before. I canvassed the different ranches and it was hard to buy cattle that year. The Spaniards had gotten the idea that the cattle buyers were making too much money and that they would drive their own cattle, which quite a number of them did.

Among other places we visited was San Bernardino and there we saw some of the people we had become acquainted with the previous year, among them was Mrs. Parly P. Pratt and her fair daughters.

By this time the Mormons at Salt Lake were going to go to war with the United States and were calling in all their outside settlements to Salt Lake. At San Bernardino they were selling off their property for anything they could get to get a team to go with. In fact they were just giving away good homes and sacrificing everything just because Brigham and the Church authorities had so ordered. Among others that were going back was Captain Hunt, our old guide of '49. I was boarding with his son-in-law, but he was not strong enough in the faith to follow the rest. Captain Hunt had an unmarried daughter that I knew pretty well, and, of course, she was ordered to go with her parents, so she started and had gotten out on the desert about a hundred miles from the starting point, and while all were asleep she quietly rose and saddled one of the best mules and returned to San Bernardino. I was not very much surprised at seeing her as she had told me she was not going back to Salt Lake, and I guess she meant it.

After buying what cattle we wanted, amounting to seven hundred and fifty head, we made a start, and as they were all wild, right off the range, they gave us a good deal of bother and anxiety for several days and nights. At first they would stampede three or four times of a night. They would start as quick as a gun-shot from a lying position to a dead run at one jump.

It was most incredible how quick they could all get into a dead run and consequently all hands had to be on guard night after night because all we had was at stake. I would get so worn out for want of sleep that I could see fire flashes before my eyes. I didn't know hardly whether I was asleep or awake and all the others were in a like condition; but after about a week we had no more trouble and drove on up the coast road without any great mishaps.

At San Buenaventura we lost some horses that had gotten away from the herd during the night and as soon as daylight came I went out after them and took a Spanish man with me. At about three miles away we overtook two of them and I sent them back with the Spaniard and rode pretty fast after the other five and in going across the valley I saw them at a distance rising the hill just beyond the valley, so I rode as fast as my horse could travel, but at the top of the hill I lost their tracks. Two of them had trail ropes and were very easily trailed so I searched the country round for miles, but could get no trace of them. I met one or two droves of cattle and the vaquero told me they were sure they had not passed them, so I traveled until dark and no sign of them. So I took the saddle off of my horse and let him graze tied to my leg, as I could not stake him out for fear the coyotes would cut him loose and leave me afoot many miles from anywhere. As soon as daylight came I started to a Spanish ranch a few miles away, where I had been the day before, and where I made inquiry, but they said they had seen no stray horses. I inquired if I could get some breakfast, and they said I could and by the way I had not eaten anything since the day I started out. After eating a pretty hearty breakfast and getting a little corn for my horse, paying my bill and getting in the saddle, I let loose on them with all the bad Spanish I could think of. I started on knowing full well that they were the ones that had stolen the horses and had them hid away.

I had gone perhaps three or four miles on the road back when I happened to look around and here were eight men coming on horseback. They were not very far away and I saw that I had to prepare and prepare quick, for I knew they were after me, but as luck was in my favor I saw a wash in a dry creek at one side, the bank of which was about twenty feet high. I immediately turned my horse in the creek and had the high bank for protection on one side, therefore they could not surround me. They all had their loops ready to lassoo me and drag me, for that is one of the ways they have of putting people to death. I allowed them to come up within about 40 yards and then told them to stop. I had a good Colts Navy revolver in my holster and on my saddle, as it was my custom to carry it there. By this time I had it in my hand and ready for business. When I told them to halt they all ran their horses together and held a little consultation about what to do. They talked quite low, but I could understand them to say "It's no use now, we will go on and maybe we will get him later." So when they started on I started immediately after. Soon they turned a point and were out of my sight and there I saw my chance to escape. I turned off from the road and followed a dry ravine or gulch that ran at right angles with the road and pretty well up towards the divide between there and another stream several miles away. That left the divide between me and my assailants, for I was satisfied that they had kept to the road and lay in

ambush for me. The stream that I struck emptied into the same valley, but several miles away, and by riding pretty fast I would come into the road ahead of them even if they had kept on the road.

I got to San Buenaventura some time after dark, it may have been nine o'clock, and was looking around for a place to sleep for a few hours, as I was by this time pretty tired, but not so tired as my horse was. In reconnoitering around for a good place I saw a campfire but a little way off, and I thought sure I had run into a band of robbers, but crept up a little nearer and soon I saw a woman and then a child, and pretty soon a man or two, and so I walked bravely into the camp and they proved to be a camp of immigrants on their way to the upper country, and they soon had the coffee pot on and the meat a frying, and gave me a good supper, which I can assure you I had a pretty good appetite for. They had a great many questions to ask about California and I was very glad to give them what information I could as they had been so kind to me. I insisted on starting before daylight and get back to camp as I knew my partners would be getting uneasy about me, but they would not listen to my leaving before breakfast as I did not know how long I would have to travel before overtaking our party with the cattle. They gave me an early breakfast and also supplied me with blankets as I had none with me except my saddle blanket. I had used that the night previous and it was all wet with sweat from the horse. I had not proceeded more than three or four miles before I met one of the boys starting back to see if he could find me. They did not know what had become of me as I had been gone two days and nights among a lot of cutthroats and thieves. I would have been murdered had it not been for my trusty revolver. I, at that time was a dead shot, 40 or 50 yards, as I was in constant practice and had made some fine shots at game, such as deer, coyotes, wild geese, etc. The only thing I regretted at my little tilt with those greasers was that I did not make them turn back the same way they had come instead of allowing them to take the road I wanted to travel. I know they would have turned back if I had so ordered, for they knew I had the drop on them.

After arriving at Santa Barbara we came to the conclusion to buy a couple more horses as we were a little short now after losing five. Besides buying a couple more horses we hired another vaquero and had to buy him a saddle, bridle, spurs, in fact the whole outfit. He stayed with us two days and at midnight on the second night it was his turn to go on guard and he deliberately rode away on the horse and outfit we had bought for him.

It was dark and it did not take much start to get away, so that was the last we ever saw of him or the horse either. We gradually moved along until we arrived at what is now called Coyote, at that time it was the Fish Ranch. We stopped there for a few days and separated out about a hundred and twenty of the fattest and drove them to San Francisco and sold them at a very good price, forty-five dollars per head. While we were at this we still kept a lookout for droves of cattle, and it happened that we saw two of the horses we had lost with a bunch of cattle. I asked the men that was riding one of them where he got that horse and he said away down in the country, mentioning the name of the ranch. I told him I was very sorry to put them to any inconvenience, but two of those horses belonged to us and he would have to give them up. All that was necessary was to go

before a justice of the peace, Alcalde as they called them, and prove property and take them. In talking with the man who was the owner of the outfit I gave a minute description of the men and my little experience with them and he gave up the horses without further parley. He said he was satisfied they were our horses, but he swore vengeance on the fellows he bought them from. He said if they didn't pay him back his money there would be trouble, and I think he meant what he said.

On our return from San Francisco after disposing of the cattle we moved the balance of something over five hundred up to the San Joaquin and found a good range there. We were about the second party that had taken cattle on the west side. Major Euten had a band about sixty miles above us and it was twenty-five miles below the old Dr. Marsh's ranch and about the same distance to the Livermore Valley, so we had pick and choice.

We thought it a good idea to try and secure some of that land for a stock ranch. At that time we could file on swamp and overflow land as state land which we did to about two thousand acres and then bought a party out who had a pretty good house and barn. Our land lay up and down Old River and fronting on the plains which gave us access to the tule land and the plains as well and was an ideal stock ranch where we made headquarters for a number of years, raising cattle, buying and selling as it chanced to be.

After getting settled on the San Joaquin two of us bought out all the other partners and run ourselves in debt nearly twenty thousand dollars. We bought a good many cattle from the Spaniards who had driven their own cattle that year and at prices less than they were willing to sell us at home before they started. We handled a great many that way. It was a business I liked as well as any I was ever in, except mining; there was always so much life about it, always some excitement and time never dragged.

In 1855 I was in the lower country again, taking the steamer for San Diego this time and trying to buy cattle there, but they had their ideas too high. Spent a good part of the winter there and boarded at Old Town, as it was then called. Where San Diego now stands wasn't thought of at that time, there being but one house and one man there and that was a government house and a soldier to look after it.

San Diego at that time was a pretty hard place. There was quite a good many there that watched every steamer that came in. If they saw any one that they took to be an officer they would slip down over the line into Mexico and wait for some of their confederate to pass them the word that the coast was clear. The country down there was full of that class. After we found we could not buy anything there to suit, we concluded to come up to Los Angeles, but we were very careful not to say so to anyone. After everything was quiet we saddled our horses and came away in the night. There were too many cut-throats hanging around there to take any chances. We travelled the greater part of the night and the next day we arrived in San Juan Capistrano, where we procured a corral to put our horses in and feed them. We had some supper at a Mexican restaurant and some breakfast at the same place, but we slept in the corral with our horses. Next morning we resumed our journey and about four miles out we passed a band of about forty-five robbers, a regular banditti crowd. They were camped near the road and just behind a little hill that hid them from the

road. We passed along the road, but didn't see anybody. The next day there was a teamster going to San Juan Capistrano with a load of goods, a four-horse team, and these robbers came out and commenced shooting. As quickly as he could he got one of his leaders loose from the wagon and made his escape. I saw him when he came in and he had a bullet hole through his shirt. As soon as the robbery was reported, the sheriff, Jim Barton, from Los Angeles, raised a posse of men and started for the place. Five of them being in the party. They found the robbers without any trouble and there was but one that came back alive, the sheriff and the three others being killed.

Before I go any further I will say that we three had twenty-one thousand dollars with us and how we came to escape without being molested was a mystery to everyone. It was barely possible that they thought we were too heavily armed as each of us had our Navy in the bolster on our saddles. There was two things that may have saved us, one was that they didn't know we had any money, and the other and greater reason, was that they knew if they attacked us some of them would very likely get pretty badly hurt, at all events I was pretty well satisfied that the affair turned out just as it did. The funeral of the members of the posse was largely attended as the men were quite prominent and especially the sheriff, Jim Barton. He was buried by the Masons. Immediately after the funeral the whole country turned out to capture this band of outlaws. Andrus Pico, brother of Ex-Governor Pio Pico, raised a company of one hundred native Californians and started in pursuit. They overtook the robbers and shot them down just as the notion took them, until the whole band was exterminated; all but two; one of whom was the leader of the band, named Rosero. These two made their escape into Mexico. Pico said his men had made a pretty good killing anyway. They had gotten forty-three out of forty-five. The whole outfit were Spanish on both sides, so the country was rid of the worst band of desperadoes that had ever infested that part of the country and no fuss made about it either. Soon after things had quieted down a little my partner and myself started out to meet a band of sheep that were being driven into New Mexico and we wanted to meet them just out on the edge of the desert. On our second day's travel night came on and we were still far from any house. Finally we reached a house where we saw a light and rode up to the door. The light went out and we tried for some time to get an answer to our calls. Finally a man appeared at the door and gave answer and we told him we would like to stay there for the night. "Oh!" says he, "it is impossible as we have no provisions and nothing for your horses to eat, but go on a little further where they have plenty." So the only thing to do was to proceed. We travelled for miles and miles as it appeared to us, because our horses were getting pretty tired and people at the house we came to said the same thing, for us to go to the next place.

The next place we came to was all dark, as it was now about midnight. We halted them as we had done at the other places, but not a sound could we get, so I told Sam, that was the man who was with me, that we would stay there anyway. I dismounted and went and tried the door, but it was bolted good and solid. I told Sam that it looked as if they did not intend to entertain us at this place so we went down on the flat below the house where there were some willows and tried to make a fire, as it was a cold,

frosty night and quite a little ice formed. There was not a thing for either ourselves or horses to eat and a very poor chance for a fire as we soon had all the available brush burnt, so we sat here on our saddles and dozed a little until daylight. Soon after a smoke appeared in the house, and we saddled up pretty quick and appeared at the door again. This time a woman appeared and I asked her if she could get us some breakfast. Very little, she says in Spanish, as they had nothing themselves, only tea and beef. I told her that would taste pretty good as we had had nothing since the morning before. In the meantime several other women appeared and they seemed greatly relieved that we were not robbers, but Americans. They said the men had all gone to Los Angeles to lay in provisions and were very sorry they didn't have more to offer us. They said they were scared nearly to death the night before as the robbers had come there and tried to get into the house. I told them we were the robbers of the night before and that if I could have gotten the door open we would not have stayed out in the cold all night.

A little way further on we came to an Indian camp and saw an Indian carrying a sack of corn. We hailed him and asked him if he would sell us some of his corn for our horses as they had had nothing all day and all night. He didn't want to part with his corn at all as he said he had packed it so many miles, but we offered him a big price for it and the temptation was too great. He says, "as I am a good Christian I will let you have the corn, only for that you could not get it." We both shook him by the hand and called him Buena Christiana. I think it did the old fellow more good than the corn would have done. That day brought us to the sheep that we had gone out to meet. Near Warners Ranch and just at the edge of the desert we found the owners of the sheep, very gentlemanly man, by the name of Lunas. They were high grade Spanish people, regular Castillians, and wouldn't let us do a thing for our horses, not even take off the saddles. They had servants to do everything, *Plutes* as they call them, and just treated us royally. I think we stayed over there one day to let our horses rest a little. We could not buy any sheep from them, they had fifty thousand head. It was about ninety miles out there, and we didn't pass a white man's house on the whole trip, not many Spanish either. We returned and bought sheep near Los Angeles, and drove sheep that year as we could not buy cattle and make anything. The sheep paid a little better, as we sold the wool for enough to pay expenses.

CHAPTER VI.

The next spring following, I concluded to go to the Sandwich Islands and see what kind of country that was. I took passage on a Clipper Ship, the Red Gauntleta sailing vessel and I want to say I never had a nicer trip than I did on that ship. The captain had his family aboard and there were six passengers in all, three of them ladies. My roommate was a druggist from Marysville, who was going to visit his sister, a professor's wife, who lived on the islands. I think we were seventeen days going down and I enjoyed every minute of the time. The Captain offered Mr. Douglas and myself a free passage if we would go on with him to China, as the passen-

gers all left the ship at Honolulu, and he didn't know what he would do. The ship burned at sea on the same voyage, but I never heard whether there were any lives lost or not. I only spent about three weeks at Honolulu, didn't like the country, didn't like the climate, didn't like anything I saw there. There were no inducements there for me, there were not many people but the natives and they were living on poi and raw fish. That may sound queer to some, but that is a fact that they at that time ate fish raw and then each family had a patch of tura called poi when cooked. They could raise enough tura on two square rods to supply a large family and had cocoanuts and yams just for gathering. If they wanted any exercise they would go swimming. I have seen as many as five hundred of them in the water together. Men, women and children, just as they were born, and they thought that was the proper way.

Mr. Douglas' sister being a professor's wife, who belonged to the upper class in society, we were both introduced to her set and had rather a fine time. We both returned on the same vessel and had state rooms together again and our passage back was not attended with any striking features out of the common run of things. The day we arrived in San Francisco was the day that James King of William, was shot by a thug named Cora. I have seen many stirring times in California, but never have seen anything to compare with that. The whole city was in arms, men marching the streets at all time of the day or night. A lot of thugs had been running the city for years and controlling the elections with ballot box stuffing and all kinds of trickery that could be thought of and James King of William was editing the Bulletin at the time and was showing up all their rascality in good shape, and the bosses of the gang thought it best to get him out of the way, Cora being their tool to do the work. Casey was another notorious character and stabbed a man; and Judge Terry, who was afterwards shot, were all the same stripe. The good citizens of San Francisco were bound to rid the city of all that class and did it effectually too. Hundreds of them were getting away as fast as they could. There was one man, Ed McGowen, a notorious character, they ran him so close that he took refuge in an old carpet that was rolled up by a Spanish woman. The posse that was after him was in the house where he hid in the roll of carpet. If they had found him nothing would have saved him from hanging along with the others. I saw Casey and Corey hanged from a window at the Armory Hall on Sacramento street. They were hanged immediately after the funeral of James King of William. I know I came right from the funeral and attended the hanging bee afterwards. Bruce and Herington were hanged from the same place and I have the picture of the hanging yet. It renovated San Francisco for several years, the people had a chance to govern themselves and have an honest election, which they never had before. If Mr. Hopkins, the man Judge Terry stabbed, had died, he would surely have been hanged too, as they kept him about three weeks in prison waiting to see if Hopkins recovered and that saved the Judge. He was a Stockton man and I knew him very well, but failed to see much good in him. He was the man that killed Broderick in a duel. I better say he was the man who murdered Broderick, as that was one of the most foul deeds that was ever perpetrated in California. In speaking of Senator Broderick, the eulogy that was delivered over his dead body by Col. Baker was the finest piece of composition

that I ever read in all my life. Col. Baker was the best orator I ever listened to, his equal was never in California and perhaps no better in the world. By the way, when Col. Baker came to California in 1852, he came to our ranch where seven of us were batching. As you are already aware he was acquainted with some of our boys in Springfield, Illinois, and a finer more jovial and genial a man I have never had the good fortune to meet. He stayed with us about a month, and ever after he was always trying to throw something of advantage our way. If we had taken his advice just in one deal it would have made us all rich; his foresight was better than ours and he was a man whom everyone admired. It makes my heart ache until this day to think he was slaughtered in the Civil War at Bulls Bluffs. In the Civil War, anyone who is conversant in the history of it, knows how he marched at the head of his regiment to his death, and he knew it too, but he was too brave a man to falter in the least.

CHAPTER VII.

My next venture was to go into the cattle business again. By this time I had been running around a good deal and finances were getting low and about this time I received a letter from an old friend of mine asking me to come and see him at Benecia. He was engaged there on government works, a good paying position, and he proposed if I would like to go into the cattle business again he would furnish the necessary capital. If I had let him in as full partner I still held my interest in the cattle ranch on the San Joaquin. So he proposed that he would put in eight thousand dollars to start the business, and if it was necessary he could put more later. So in the fall of 1857 two others besides myself started up to Visalia to see what we could do there. One of the men was my old partner in the business, Mr. S. Wilson by name, but the agreement was that each one would buy on his own hook and keep his separate brand, but drive together, each bearing his quota of the expenses, but my old partner, after prospecting for some time, could not see anything that suited him and returned home without buying anything. In a short time after that I came across a man who had driven up the summer before three hundred cows and calves, which were year olds in the spring, and I bought the lot and took them to the ranch and in the spring the three hundred cows were having their three hundred calves again.

In the spring, time came for rodeoing. I attended all the rodeos in that part of the country and collected cattle every place I went, and when we got all through I was short but a very few head, and we soon made preparations to drive. In the meantime the other man had bought all he wanted, and by the time I had driven home to the ranch I was able to brand nearly nine hundred cattle, little and big. They increased very fast and it seemed to me it was but a little while that I had about fifteen hundred head and the prices were still good. I wanted to sell and went to see my partner about it, and he seemed to think I was losing my head. "What better do you want to do than that? There are so many cattle worth so much per head that will foot up about forty thousand dollars." "Yes," I told him that they were bringing good prices now. I rather insisted on selling, but he would not listen to it at all. I had the same experience once

I fore, as I have already stated. That was always a drawback in partnership business—I could not always do as I wanted to. Time went on for a couple of years more, and the bottom dropped out—they went down to almost nothing; could buy range cattle, take them as they come, for four dollars per head. The country was full of cattle and everybody wanted to sell—the trouble was over-production—more than our local markets could consume, and there was no foreign market to turn to, so the business went flat and I was in debt my share of eight thousand dollars. My partner wanted me to continue on, and there is where I made my mistake. I didn't do it, but I was so plumb disgusted that I was determined to get out, so I made him a proposition. I said, "Will you give me a few hundred—say about three hundred—and take the whole outfit, all except the ranch, and call it even?" He thought it a very liberal offer and insisted I should keep on. He said he did not want me to make any great sacrifice, but there were two things I was determined to get rid of: the debt of four thousand dollars and the partnership business, because if he would have consented to sell when I wanted to, I could have come out fifteen thousand ahead free of debt, and the idea of that stuck into me pretty deep, so at last he took the cattle, and I took liberty. I had quite a notion I would like to go mining again, and when the excitement broke out over the mountains at Washa, Virginia City and Gold Hill, I went over there the year after the first excitement broke out, and that next winter of 1861-1862, I went over in November, I think it was, and found work plentiful at six dollars per day, but the weather was so cold it was hard to get in much time. I had a pretty good thing on hand, as there was a man there who owed me four hundred dollars, and he was keeping a hotel, so I made my home there. I knew by this time I never would get anything only board and room. My mining venture did not amount to much, so some time after the holidays I returned to California and had rather a severe time crossing the mountains, as the snow on the summit was over twenty feet deep. The sleighs ran part of the way, but could not cross the summit, but three of us were footing it. In going from Lake Tahoe to the next station, a distance of twelve miles, soon after passing Lake Tahoe Hotel, in crossing a small lake or lagoon, we broke through the ice, and the water took us up to the waist. When we got out, two of us stopped to wring the water out of our clothes, but the third poled right ahead and left me with the other man who soon gave out worrying through the snow, and I could not get him along. He would want to rest about every fifty yards. Finally night came on, and by this time I had to almost carry the man by letting him lean his weight on me by placing his arms over my shoulders. It was not long until I knew that I could not stand the burden much longer, and finally he lay down in the snow, and I knew I could not get him up or even try to get him to help himself any more. By this time we had just gotten in sight of the lights in a house. He was down in the snow and I was rubbing him with all my might, and if I left him to go for help, I knew he would be dead before I could get back with help. Just at that time I saw a dark object in the road approaching and it proved to be the mail stage, and we dumped him in and I told the driver to go just as fast as he could, so we soon got him to the hotel, but he was entirely unconscious and had been for some time. Some time after getting him to the fire and a lot of stimulants taken inwardly

with some smart rubbing on the outside, we brought him to. I never had seen the man before he fell in with us—he was nothing to me, but I could not see a man die if it was possible to save him, but it was a close call for him. The next morning he wanted to resume the journey with us, but I told him no, he could not go with us, that he had better go back to Carson. We started early and travelled hard all day, and made the next station about nine o'clock at night, a distance of twelve miles. The weather had turned warm with some rain, which made the snow very soft, and even where there had been a foot trail we could hardly keep on it, and we would slip off the trail and go into the snow to our shoulders, then scramble out and go through the same performance every few rods, and our clothes soon became wet and heavy. When arriving at the summit we could only see smoke coming out of the snow here and there. Even the chimneys did not reach through the snow. People were living down there under the snow and had run tunnels from house to house like a lot of gophers. We got some dinner, rested a little and pushed on, and made a little better time from there on, as it was down hill, but we were glad enough to get to the next station, as we were about used up. They said they could feed us, but there were no extra beds, so all the sleep we had was sitting in a chair. The next morning we took an early start and soon got out of the snow. It was still raining, and no teams running, as the roads were impassible. At the next station, three miles away, there had been a landslide the night before, and had taken away the barn, sixteen horses, several stage coaches and all the harnesses, and all that we could see was here and there a shingle or piece of board sticking up in the mud. It came so close to the house as to throw mud all over the kitchen. In traveling that day we were either in sight or hearing of landslides the entire day. There was one that came very near to us some distance above right down a ravine that we were in. We ran as fast as we possibly could to higher ground on a point, and by this time it was passing us, it being the most thrilling sight I ever beheld. It came right down through a dense grove of large sugar pine trees, some of them must have been six and eight feet through, and that landslides took everything clean to the bedrock. It passed us and went into the American River just a few rods below where we were standing. The river was booming full, but it shut off the water completely for a few seconds, when it all went down stream and carried those great immense trees as if they were nothing more than straws. I must say again it was the grandest sight I ever witnessed. All the people living on the road had abandoned their places and were living in tents upon the ridge above the landslides. The consequence was we travelled all day without any dinner. There were plenty of houses on the road but no people, and another night we had to travel quite late before we could get accommodations. We never met anyone the whole day—no one could travel, only on foot, and that wasn't very pleasant, as it was raining constantly. The next day we travelled on towards the valley below and at one point we came to quite a high eminence where we could overlook the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys and both were covered with water as far as we could see. The entire country was under water when we arrived at Sacramento, the only land above water being a little strip along the levee and that had been under water, but it had receded about three feet. In the house where I stopped, the water mark

on the counter was about a foot from the top. All the main part of the city was under water; where the Golden Eagle Hotel stood, a steamboat could have been floated, and all the other streets the same way. The city was deserted, there wasn't three hundred people in the place, all had gone to San Francisco, and some of them were living at the soup houses.

I wanted to go to Stockton so I had to take the boat to Benecia and then take the Stockton boat up from there. I saw quite a queer sight going up the river. We passed a floating island with about sixty head of cattle on it, the peat or tules had let loose and floated to the surface of the water and they had to ship hay to the cattle on boats to keep them alive. When I arrived at Stockton, it was almost in the same condition as Sacramento. The next day I chartered a man with a small row boat to take me to the ranch, seventeen miles out, and we struck a bee line for the place and didn't know when we crossed the river, only the current was stronger there. We tied the boat up to the back yard fence and found about forty-five people in the house, as it was the only house in the whole neighborhood that was above high water mark. We had a great time boating as we had to bring all our provisions from Stockton in small boats. That worked well when the wind did not blow, but we had some narrow escapes from heavy seas when the wind was up. We had a great time gathering honey as there were thousands of stands of bees on the river, when the flood came. Every willow thicket was full of bee hives, full of honey. There was a man keeping bees on our place who lost four hundred hives. One man above us lost a thousand.

As this brings me back to the ranch again, I would like to mention a few incidents that happened when we first settled there on the river in 1854. The whole San Joaquin plains were covered with mustangs, elk, antelope and other smaller game and we used to think it great sport to go out and catch mustangs. The Spanish people over in the Livermore valley would come over and camp at our place and we would all start from there. Our mode of procedure was to send out relays all up the plains about four miles apart and then start a bunch of mustangs. There were generally about thirty in a bunch, sometimes more. The first relay would run them to the next and so on for fifteen or twenty miles and the ones at the end of the line would turn them and start them down the line again, so we would keep them going up and down the plains all day and at night we would leave them and go to camp. The next morning we would be after them again, when they would be so sore and stiff from their run the day before, they could not run and we could lasso them as fast as we wanted to and tie them down. When we had them all caught, we would save all the young that we thought could be broken and the rest would be killed for they were a great nuisance. We were cured of trying to break them but the Spaniards would take all the one, two and three year olds home and break them to ride and some of them made good saddle horses and were usually very tough.

There was another thing, by way of variety that caused us trouble at times and some times much annoyance, and that was prison breaking. Very often, there would be forty or fifty get away from San Quentin at one time and we lived right on their route to the back country. They would just start in and rob everything they came to and we would raise a posse

of men and try to capture them and return them to prison. Sometimes we would succeed pretty well and other times they would get away from us. They would always arm themselves the first thing by robbing ranch houses as they came to them, so often they would be pretty well armed by the time they reached our vicinity. I will only mention one or two incidents, though we had many scraps with them. I know on one occasion, there were twelve of them bunched together and we heard where their camping place was, and we started to surprise them in the camp. Whether they saw us coming or not, they broke camp and were on the move over the hills, but we soon overhauled them and they didn't lay down their arms and surrender worth a cent, but showed fight, and we had a running fight with them for about four miles. They finally came to a ledge of rock on the top of the hill and stood their ground as they were well fortified. We held them there until dark, and got one of their number early in the fight. He had received a shot that had broken his leg. His name was Hall and he was returned to prison. We returned to the river and patrolled all night up and down, but made no discoveries. They managed to work their way about sixty miles further up the country where another posse of men got after them and shot most of them. Their leader was a desperate character, his name was Jack Powers and was known all over the state. It makes all the difference in the world what a man is fighting for, with them it was life and with us it was only to capture them. Another little incident I will mention, as there were only two of us concerned. We were sitting in the cool side of a porch of a road-side inn when two men rode up and called for dinner and they were riding bare-back. After they came out we questioned them pretty closely and they said that the horses belonged to their uncle and the reason they were riding bare-back was that their uncle had driven the horses up with a carriage and they were taking the horses back. They were two fine looking American horses and we well knew that it was almost a sure thing that a Spaniard was not the possessor of an American horse. We let them depart on their journey, but after they were gone we talked over the circumstances attending the situation and both came to the conclusion that they were riding stolen horses and we agreed that we would follow them up and take them. We overtook them after riding about a mile or so and commanded them to stop and go back to Stockton. At that they commenced pleading and said kill them, do anything but do not take them back to Stockton, which was about fifteen miles distant. We told them in Spanish, it was no use for them to make any fuss about it, they would have to go back and that ended it. By the way neither of us had any weapon of any kind, but they didn't know that. Just before we entered Stockton, we put the horses' necks together and tied the men's feet together under the horse's bellies, so we were sure they could not break away from us. As we were going up one of the principal streets, a man rushed out of a livery stable and hailed, or rather tried to hail us, but we only put spurs to our horses the more and rushed them through to the jail, where I was well acquainted with the officers and told them to take care of them, which they did in short order. They hadn't much more than gotten them in jail, till here came a man just puffing and blowing and pretty mad too because we wouldn't stop. He proved to be the Sheriff of Amador County and was after these same horses and wanted the men turned over to him. The next

morning the prisoners were taken out and tried before a Justice of Peace, and they acknowledged being escaped convicts and had stolen the horses to get away on. They said they had tried on foot but thought they could make better headway on horse-back. They were sent back to San Quentin and the sheriff took the horses to their rightful owners and the only simple thing in the whole affair was, we never put in a claim for the reward which we were entitled to, fifty dollars each. I could mention many similar incidents but this is about a sample.

CHAPTER VIII.

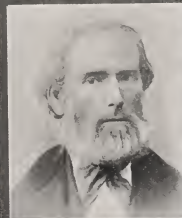
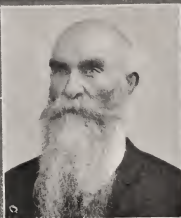
Mining excitement broke out away up in British Columbia at the headwaters of Frazer River, called the Cariboo Mines and there was a great rush to that place in the spring of 1862. Thousands were going and I, like many others, took the fever also. There were four of us started in company together from San Francisco. There was nothing startling or out of the usual happenings common to a sea voyage and we landed at Victoria, our first landing, all in good condition, of course all glad to get ashore, and took the first boat out-bound for the Frazer River. As we entered the Frazer, we found the current very swift in places; some places you could hardly tell whether the boat was making any headway or not, but we finally made Port Douglas, that was as far as boats could run. From there we had three hundred miles of land travel as it was the general starting point for the mines, and everything had to be packed either by mules or men, in fact all the men were loaded as well as the mules. We bought a little mule to help us do the packing as everybody and everything was loaded. Some company had shipped up to this point a band of camels, they thought they would just be the thing, but proved to be perfectly worthless as they will not go in the mud, will lie right down and they could do nothing with them. I heard afterwards, that they were taken to Mexico and turned loose there and that they became wild and had increased into many hundreds, but I wouldn't vouch for the truth of that. After getting our packs all arranged, we started out with our little mule on our three hundred mile hike, over the road or rather trail, for it was only a pack trail, vehicles of any kind not having as yet penetrated that part of the country. It rained almost constantly and the whole country seemed to be flooded with water and the only way we had to keep above water at sleeping time was to cut fine boughs and lug down carefully the coarser ones in the bottom and the finer ones on top, and in that way could make a comfortable bed even if the water was running in rivulets underneath, which was often the case.

Some days our little mule would mire down a dozen times a day; he soon got cunning and would not try to help himself until the pack was all taken off. There was a foot bridge across a river; we had to cross at a toll of one dollar each and the bridge tender said there had been ten thousands crossed ahead of us. We finally arrived at Antler Creek, the first mining camp we struck and it was twelve miles over to Williams Creek, but we thought best to push on over there over a very high mountain. That was a very hard pull on us as we had to sell our mule as there had not been any mules taken over the mountain this spring and we were told we could not get ours along and when we came to travel over there we knew

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the truth had been told us. All the supplies that went into camp had to be packed in by men on their backs. We started over the trail with about eighty pounds each—if anyone thinks that is a picnic over as high and steep a mountain as that one let them try it. Consequence was that provisions were very high, the only thing that wasn't over a dollar a pound was beef; that was fifty cents per pound. Flour was seventy-five dollars for fifty pound sacks; beans were a dollar and a quarter per pound and everything in proportion. We paid ten cents each for nails to nail up our sluice boxes. The worst of it was, we were hungry all the time. A man could eat more than twice as much there as in California, and then not be satisfied.

The mines on the whole were pretty good and some very rich, the country being spotted, either rich or nothing at all. Our company of four went on about four miles further and took up claims and went to work sawing lumber to make sluices. All the claims below us on the gulch were taking out gold in large paying quantities, but we could not work our claims to much advantage until the claims below had been worked out and that would take the balance of the season. We could not wait for that, so we thought it possible we might work it through a shaft and we went to work sinking a shaft and had sunk to a depth of twenty-four feet and cribbed it, as we went, but when we went to go to work one morning, we found the shaft had caved in clear to the top. The timbers had given away, so we had to decide on something pretty quickly as by this time we were about out of money and our decision was to get out of the woods as soon as possible. Before noon we were on the move for California, left everything and struck out. It was no use trying to sell anything as there were hundreds leaving and nobody would buy anything except something to eat. We left our tent standing and everything in it, except a single blanket for each. Two of the boys said they would stay a day or two and see if they could not sell something, but Ned Ludlum and I struck out and the second night we camped near a packer and I traded my rubber coat for a pound of flour valued at three dollars. Without going into details, we made that three hundred miles in eight days, which was thirty-seven and a half miles per day which I call pretty good travelling over a rough trail, but we had no choice in the matter, as it was a case of no money and short rations. We prepared to get to Port Douglas just in time to hit the steamer, and went aboard after first providing ourselves with a few crackers and cheese. We spread our blankets and were soon fast asleep. After some hours they came around to collect and roused us out of a sound sleep and sung out "fare", but I told them we had no fare to give and the answer was, "Go ashore". Not much, I told him, when the boat went, we were going with it but we didn't want to go for nothing. I reached under my head and drew out a Colt's Navy and he jumped back several feet. I said, "Don't be scared, I don't want to shoot, but we are going and you take this in lieu of our fare and if I come across any one I know, I will redeemed it." The pistol was worth at least \$25.00 and the fare to Westminster was four dollars each. We thought the purser was well paid. That was as far as that boat went and we stopped there at a boarding house and took chances on somebody coming along that we knew. A man I knew came down on the next boat and he said he would pay our way to Victoria, but he only had money



ALONZO C. CLAY
LUTHER A. RICHARDS
CHARLES B. MECUM

H. B. FRANS
CAPT. ASA HAINES
JOHN GROSCUP

JAYHAWKERS OF '49



enough to get home himself. So we got to Victoria stranded.

In passing down the Frazer River, passing where Vancouver now stands, was all a dense forest, and at Westminster there were just a few log cabins. I hardly know how we passed the first day or two in Victoria. As it happened the young man who was with me, Edward Ludlum, his father and the American Counsel were old friends, and, after much persuasion, I prevailed on him to go to Mr. Francis, as that was the Counsel's name, and tell him who he was and I was almost sure he would help us out. Well he got pretty hungry before he would do it, but he finally yielded. We went together to the office and he told Mr. Francis the condition we were in and he went to his desk and wrote an order on some hotel there telling them to give us whatever we wanted until steamer day, which was five or six days away. When the steamer came in, Ned and I happened to be in the Counsel's office, and when the purser came in, before he would do any other business with him, he told him to give us tickets to San Francisco, which he did and we got back to God's country once more and sent back to Mr. Francis the price of our bill at the hotel and our passage to San Francisco. He could do as he pleased about paying the steamship company—that was none of our business; so we paid our way was all we cared for.

A few months later there was a rush for Aurora, on the eastern side of the Sierras and on the line between California and Nevada. I thought I must have some of that too and went over by stage. There were hundreds of people coming and going, but mostly coming. Every place was crowded and the best we could do was to be allowed to spread our blankets on the floor for a dollar each. We, of course, would have slept out of doors, but there was snow on the ground and a cold freezing night. By the next night, we had our own tent and felt quite independent. There were three or four of us joined together and prospected and took up some ledges that prospected pretty well and we had some assays made of the rock, got out Stock Books and divided the stock. I know I sent mine over to San Francisco to be sold and that was the last of it. If any of it was ever sold I never heard it.

I came across an old acquaintance who was superintendent of a mine that was running and he put me to work at four dollars per day and I worked there until September. It was March when I arrived there.

I then took a notion to go to Arizona, and as there was a man going as far as San Bernardino with a team, I made arrangements to go with him. When the party was made up there were ten or twelve of us, for as the Owens River Indians were known to be pretty hostile at that time we thought we would go strong enough to be safe. We got along quite smoothly, though we had a little variety at Owen's River at the first crossing, where we camped for the night. We had seen smoke signals all the afternoon, first on the mountain and then on the mountain across the valley. We knew the Indians were telegraphing to each other and could tell just how strong our party was. We had a man with us who had been a prisoner for six months before he made his escape and so knew their signs pretty well.

After supper when we were going to bed, the horses took a stampede and ran into camp, that is, all that were loose, some were picketed. Someone called out "Boys, your guns!" Some had guns and others revolvers, but we were soon out and scouting for Indians, but, of course, they were

away without staying to be shot at. They had recently killed four men who were prospecting in that vicinity about two or three weeks previous, and as we passed down the valley to Owens Lake we saw and counted seventeen skeletons that the bones had been picked clean by the coyotee. There had been a company of U. S. Troops sent down from Ft. Independence who corralled the Indians on the margin of the lake and they could not make their escape. We moved along without anything more of notice and arrived at San Bernardino, where some of our party remained, and we pursued our journey and were getting along very well except it was extremely hot in the desert. We didn't pretend to travel only by night. There were two places on the desert that were forty-five miles between water. We would start about five o'clock P. M. and by eight A. M. we would reach water again and lay there until evening. Lapaz, on the Colorado River, was our point of destination. We camped there on the river for a few days and while there, I happened to go to a butcher shop in the evening just about dark. I inquired for some meat, and the butcher spoke and said he would light up first and the minute he spoke I knew who he was by his voice. After he had the lights going I asked him if he knew me and after turning me around to the light a time or two, he knew me, and a more pleased man I never met before or since. We had not seen each other for eleven years when he started off to Mexico. He was one of our "Jay Hawkers" and one of our mess and the same that helped me save the lift of Capt. Asa Hevins who I have spoken of in an earlier chapter. I didn't get back to camp that night, as he wouldn't let me go, and we talked nearly all night. He had a wild and varied experience, had traveled a great deal in Mexico, both Old and New, as well as Texas. He had started a stock ranch in New Mexico and was quite successful having large herds of cattle and horses. About this time the Indians came and robbed him of the greater part of his stock, both horses and cattle. They came just at noon time and the most of his men were at their dinner, but they saw the Indians coming and hurried to the entrance, but the Indians made their way in and massacred all that were in the house. Just at this time Bill Rude and a vaquero rode up and through the gate saw what was going on and turned and made off as fast as they could with the Indians after them. They shot the vaquero and Rude who had been riding hard all the morning seen his horse was going to fall. Luck seemed to favor him as there was a large mesquite thicket near that he made for, left his horse and sought shelter in the thicket. He had his holsters with him and was a dead shot.

The Indians surrounded the thicket and commenced firing in, and he could see the Indians but they could not see him. Every shot he made he would get his Indian and every time he shot he would move his position, but they fought him until just as the sun was going down they bid him good-bye and said they believed he was the Devil anyway. They were the Apaches, the meanest Indians that ever lived. Then he afterwards sold his ranch to the Government for a pretty good price. He was a regular Daniel Boon. There was no Indian that could out-Indian him. In one of his rambles he was making across a desert country and had only had a Mexican with him. In the morning after camping their mules had strayed from camp and the Mexican had gone after them and as he did not return very soon he thought he would go to the top of a high hill to look for him. He

happened to look on the ground at his feet and it was literally covered with gold and he gathered up a lot of it, as much as he could conceal from the Mexican conveniently. By this time the Mexican had returned with the mules and they resumed their journey to the settlements.

He showed me the gold all in pieces and some of it had a little quartz sticking into it. I should think there was about five or six hundred dollars of it. He said I was the only man that he had ever told about it and the only one that knew about it except himself, and said that if I would stay around that part of the country for a while we would go to it, but we might have to wait some time for it could not be reached unless it rained on the desert just as it did when he was there. He afterwards was drowned in the Colorado River. I knew he was telling the truth for I knew he would not think of doing anything else to me.

That leads me to another little incident that happened while I was there. A Negro was climbing on top of a high hill and discovered just such another place as Rude had found. The darky had picked up fifteen thousand dollars one afternoon and when I saw him in Lapaz he had not a dollar. The gamblers and the saloons had gotten it all. A fool and his money is soon parted.

While in Arizona another man and myself took a contract to sink a shaft on a ledge seventy-five feet, at twelve dollars per foot. It was about forty miles out from Lapaz in the mountains. We packed our tools and provisions out there on a pony. We had been to work for a week or more when we were visited by four Indians, Apaches, and about dinner time they claimed to be very hungry, as Indians always are, and wanted something to eat. We gave them some and the next day they were there again proper enough, so my partner and I consulted and concluded that we could not afford to pack grub out there forty miles to feed the Indians, so I told them they couldn't have any more. They would go through all sorts of contortions and tell how hungry they were and there was one of them that could speak a little Spanish so I could understand him pretty well. While I was standing them off my partner went down the shaft and went to work and in a joking way said "I guess you can stand them off." We had taken precaution when we first went there to build a stone wall about four feet high and ten feet square and our guns were standing against the wall. I saw the Indians had their eye on the guns and they began to get a little bolder and acted as if they were going to take what they wanted anyway, when I grabbed up one of the guns and told them to leave and that very quickly too, and they didn't wait for the second bidding, but went as I told them too.

They were camped only about four or five miles away. We could see the smoke from their camp every day and we slept with one eye open for a few nights after, thinking they might possibly make a sneak on us when we were asleep, but they never bothered us any more. We finished our contract and by the way did very well, making twelve dollars each per day for all the time we worked. We then returned to Lapaz and there I chanced to meet an old friend who I knew in San Francisco, and who was engaged in freighting out to different parts of the mining districts and had four team-mule teams on the road, and he said I was just the man he was looking for as he had more business than he could attend to and wanted to sell me one-half interest. He valued it at fifteen thousand dollars, and said I needn't

pay a dollar down as he would take all the risk of making the money. He said I had done him a favor once, that he had not forgotten it. It is remarkably strange how things do work out sometimes.

However flattering the prospects were in his offer I did not accept it. I don't know why, either, for I needed the money bad enough, but I didn't go into it. A few months later he was on the road toward some of the mines with his teams when they were attacked by the Indians and robbed of everything and two of his men killed and he barely escaped with his life. I sometimes think that some people have premonitions of coming disaster and I don't believe I am the least bit superstitious either.

CHAPTER IX.

About this time I had made up my mind to return to California, and in company with some others started back with some teamsters that were on their way back empty, so we had a chance to ride all the time if we wished to do so. About forty miles out we camped at Das Palms, where there is a hot spring and at a distance of about five miles there is what is called the mud volcanoes, that work very singularly. There will be a volume of steam start from the shore edge and travel in a straight course right across the lake. I call it a lake, it's really a lake of hot boiling mud.

Into the lake for three or four hundred yards another will start from the same place and follow the others ahead continuously, so that there are about four in sight all the time, and each one of them turning over a mass of mud. They can only be approached in winter; in summer no one can go nearer than a mile or two, the heat is too intense.

When we arrived at San Bernardino, we had to make different arrangements, as the teams we were with were going direct to Los Angeles, and some of us wanted to go a different direction. So we bought some horses there and fitted ourselves with saddles, etc., necessary for the trip. I wanted to see more of the Owens River Country, as I liked the looks of it pretty well as I passed down that way the fall before, and this I think was January or February, 1864. There were four of us started and traveled together until we got up to Owens River, where we separated, two going on up the range, and two stopping there, and I soon found a location that suited me well enough to take up and improve.

The man who stopped with me only stayed a week or two, got homesick and started for San Francisco, where he lived. I wasn't very sorry for he wasn't a person that I admired very much. That left me entirely alone and this was right where the Indians had been committing deprecations the fall before.

I went to work on my claim, building a cabin, planting garden, and plowing the ground. It was most excellent land and in former years the Indians had irrigated a good part of this same land. They raised what is called cumus and grows similar to potatoes. My nearest neighbors were twenty miles away at Fort Independence, in one direction, and eight miles in another direction, to a sawmill, where Bishop is now situated.

One day I was very busy working, digging a ditch, fencing in a garden patch, when I looked up there stood four Indians about two rods away. As

soon as I saw them I jumped out of the ditch and grabbed my revolver that was lying by my side while working. At this they all started to run away, but I made them understand to put down their bows and arrows and then come up where I was. One of them, quite a boyish looking fellow, trembled like a leaf, his knees would shake like an aspen leaf, but he was the finest looking; what I mean, he was the finest built man I ever saw. Many an artist would have given anything for such a subject as a model. Pretty soon they got a little over their scare, and we commenced to try to talk by signs. They could not talk a word of either English or Spanish and I couldn't talk Piute, but by signs they can make one understand pretty well. I didn't feel at all afraid of them for I knew if they meant me any harm, they would have shot me full of arrows before I knew they were there. Pretty soon they went and brought me some pinones, perhaps a quart. I knew then they wanted to be friendly. After a while they went away and were not gone but a little while until they came back with a whole lot of fish that they had caught near by. A few days after I thought I would go and call on my neighbors, eight miles away. There was quite a number of men there building a small saw-mill, as that was the only timber anywhere near the valley. The lumber was for mining purposes, a long distance off. There were some Indians present, about eight of them. Soon there came a man in, and he was in a furious rage about the Indians being there, and said he would soon clean them out. He went into the house and got a gun and when he came out the Indian took the hint and started to run away. After they had gotten away, perhaps a hundred yards, he fired two or three shots at them, but lucky it did not hit any of them. They went in the same direction that I had to go to get home. After a little while, I started home again and about half-way, I saw the Indians waiting for me on the side of the road, so I put on a bold front and went up to where they were. They tried to tell me what a bad man that was at the house. So when I rode on they followed along after me, until I reached what I called my home. Then they wanted to come and camp there. With my consent the next day they came and camped about a hundred yards from my cabin, about fifty of them I knew there was no danger from them then, as they wanted to be friendly, the most danger being when you never see any Indians.

I remained there a month or six weeks longer, when I saw a large band of sheep camped not far from my place, and in the evening I went down to the camp, as I was glad to get the sight of anybody that happened to come along. I was very much surprised to find that one of the owners was an old friend and comrade that was in our party of "Jay Hawkers of '49", and traveled on the desert with us and was one of the sufferers. I was more than glad to see him, as well as he to see me. They had bought the sheep near Los Angeles and were on their way to Idaho, and nothing would do, but I must go with them. They said the mines there were almost as good as California in its day, which was a slight mistake.

Anyway the next morning I saddled my horse and took my little belongings, which did not amount to much and left everything, the garden growing, and the Indians in peaceful possession.

I might mention that in after years, I think it was 1868, that there was a severe earthquake on that side of the mountains and that on this particular piece of land that I had taken up, that forty acres, sunk ten feet below

the surrounding country. Another time I had made a lucky escape, which is another evidence that we don't always know what is best for us; in fact, we seldom do know what is best for us.

We made pretty slow progress up through Nevada, via Quinn River, Owihee, and so on up to Boise City. The only trouble we had with Indians was on Quinn River, where they ran a part of our horses away. We were up early enough to see their dust just at daylight, going into the mouth of a box canyon, three or four miles away. Another man besides myself happened to be on guard and saw them. We started after them, and followed them up the canyon as far as they could drive, and at the head was a nice place to hold them. We recovered all the horses and did not see any Indians. They no doubt saw us though. We had heard that on the Owihee, the Indians were quite troublesome at that time, and had killed people just ahead of us, but we were pretty strong in numbers, being seventeen in the company. When we had gotten within about two hundred miles of our destination, two owners went ahead to try and sell the sheep. By the time they arrived there I received a letter sent by express rider, stating to remain there on good feed, until they returned. By the way, they had left me in charge of the train. I held the sheep there for a couple of days and the herders got together at night and mutinied, and the next morning hitched up the teams, and were going away, all I could do was to go along or stay. They had gotten too close to the mines and had the fever. I could do nothing with them, there were too many against one.

However, we met the owners coming back that day, and as soon as we arrived at Boise City, they discharged every herder, and they had to get on to the mines the best way they could. After a little time my friends disposed of their sheep and I went on up to Idaho City with them. I soon got a job at \$6.00 a night shoveling in the sluices. I fell in with some old acquaintances, and we took up some claims and went to work on them. We did fairly well, but didn't strike anything rich, a little better than simple wages. We worked on in this manner until winter set in, and we could not do any more. We had a good log cabin, but it was pretty cold until it got all covered up in ten feet of snow, and then it was warm and comfortable. We could not do much through the winter, except saw out our lumber for sluice boxes, that we wished to use on some claims we had taken up. We sawed all our lumber with whip-saws, and spent a good deal of time snow-shoeing. We used skies there altogether, and got to be quite expert before spring. It was May before we got to work on our claims and when we did, it was with only moderate success, and in the fall I think about September, I went down to Oregon to see what kind of a country that was. Landed in Portland, and Portland at that time was not much of a place. You went about three or four blocks from the river and right into the woods. I stayed there but a few days, and went on up to Oregon City, and helped to put in that dam and breakwater. I remained in Oregon until sometime after the holidays and then returned to San Francisco. I forgot to mention in winding up my business on the San Joaquin, I lost my interest in the ranch. Fremont claimed that it belonged to him, he and his wife Hattie, came there once while we were there and slummed three leagues of land running up and down the river, but we didn't think, neither do I think yet, that he ever had any title to the land he claimed, but

we didn't see fit to fight the title, and gave up our two thousand acres that we had taken up as State land. What makes me know that Fremont's title was fraudulent, was that in a course of time, General Naglee of San Jose became the possessor of the grant, and then the S. P. R. R. laid claim to it, and rather than have the title tested Naglee divided it in half, gave the R. R. Co. the upper half, and kept the lower half. It has been selling within the last year for one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars an acre.

I remained but a short time in San Francisco, and then went down to Santa Clara, where I had some friends living, and one of them, my old partner of former times, was on the eve of going over into Santa Cruz County to take up land in the redwoods and persuaded me to go along. It didn't take much persuasion for I was foot-loose at this time and ready for anything that happened to turn up.

We were just a week going over there, owing to constant rain and high water. Judge Wilson, the man I was with, had already been there, and had his claim selected. I helped him to build his house and get comfortably fixed and then looked around for a claim for myself and was successful in finding a good one, with fine timber. In the meantime there was another young man, who came over from Santa Clara and found a good claim adjoining mine and we built a cabin together and lived together for a couple of years. The next spring and summer peeled tan bark which seemed to be the most available thing to make ready money, which, when we sold, netted us about \$1800.00 for our first year in the redwoods. I peeled bark the next two succeeding years, with very satisfactory results.

In the meantime I came to the conclusion that here was good money in timber land, if I could only get enough of it. I had by this time proved up on my claim and had entered another fifty acres adjoining my claim as State School land, which gave me two hundred acres, all of the finest of timber land. At that time the Southern Pacific R. R. Co. claimed every alternate section. I had been with the surveyors off and on, when they were surveying there and I knew all the choice sections and quarter section. With this information I went to San Francisco to the R. R. office and filed on twelve quarter sections and paid them the one-fourth down on the purchase price, which was a \$1.25 per acre. They raised the price afterwards to \$2.50 per acre on their land. Several months passed and in the meantime the R. R. Co. had their exterior lines surveyed, and the line just came to the edge of the land I had entered, and didn't take in a solitary quarter section of it, and of course, I was very much disappointed, for I had a fortune sure in the land if I could only procure title to it. I went to San Francisco to see what they were going to do about it. Lloyd Tevis was president of the company at that time and he said that I could go anywhere I wished and where they had land and take it. In lieu of that, and there is where I made a mistake again, but I was so disappointed in not getting what I had filed on that I would not take other land. In lieu then, he said, he would refund the money with interest, which he did and acted very nice about it, and told me I was making a mistake. I didn't take other land, and to my sorrow, I found out the mistake that land I had entered from them has been worth \$200 per acre for several years past.

As the saying goes, "It never rains, but it pours," about this time there was an enterprise gotten up to put in a flume to float lumber down as far

as Felton and from there to Santa Cruz to build a railroad and wharf, altogether costing a half million dollars. The company issued stock to go ahead with the enterprise, and I, like a good many others, took stock in it, thinking it a good thing and as a good many of my friends were taking stock in it, I thought it must be good. At this time I had my two hundred acres and free of debt, and had a good position superintending a mine at a good salary, which I let go and moved there where the work was going on. Soon the assessments began to be levied and my share ran from two hundred to five hundred per month, which was coming pretty thick and fast and it wasn't long until I had to mortgage my place to keep up assessments. I found I couldn't stand that, so sold my shares for what I could get. They finished the flume and the wharf, about this time the bottom dropped out, and every man that was interested in it was either broke up or lost heavily, but it broke the most of them. Eventually the mortgagee took my place and I had to commence new again. Luckily, my position in the mines was ready for me with the same company and I stayed with them for five more years, making almost ten years I had been with the Hydraulic Mining Co., and always had charge of a claim somewhere. I thought I had the business to perfection and was working under salary all the time, and sometimes would have a crew of thirty to fifty men working day and night. Mining is very interesting work if a person gets into it once, it is hard to break off. There is no hard work I ever did that I liked so well.

CHAPTER X.

After leaving the mines, I first settled in Santa Clara and then in San Jose, where I still reside, and looked around for something to do. I started in to manufacturing windmills and carried on that business for a number of years, also made a trip back East and took in the World's Fair at St. Louis. From there I went up into Illinois visiting relatives in the neighborhood of Galesburgh, for the first time since leaving there in 1849, an absence of fifty-five years. It is needless to say, I knew but very few people there, many had died and others had moved away. We remained there about a month and then started on the homeward trip via the State of Washington, where we had a son living, Dr. Stephens of Monroe, but now of Seattle. Spent another month there and then returned home to San Jose and resumed my windmill business, which I followed for some time, until I had an offer to go to Alaska. A company had been formed to go up there and put in a hydraulic plant, and in looking around for a superintendent they came to see me, if I would go and take charge. We finally made satisfactory arrangements and proceeded to San Francisco and laid in the supplies and machinery that were necessary. We sailed on the Steamer Excelsior on February 22nd, 1898, for Seattle. We took on board in addition to our outfit four horses. There were seventeen of us in the company, and all went well barring sea sickness, that was somewhat troublesome to some of the boys. It is usually the case on ship, but arrived in Seattle where we laid in some more supplies, such as hand sleds, etc. At Seattle there was a lot more passengers came aboard and about a hundred and fifty dogs. By this time we were pretty well crowded, but altogether had a pretty jolly good time. We went up the inside passage to Juneau, a distance of about a



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| REV. J. W. BRIER, WIFE, AND SON | |
| ALEXANDER S. PALMER | CAPT. ED. DOTY |
| WM. B. RUDE | URBAN P. DAVIDSON |
| JAYHAWKERS OF '49 | |



thousand miles, just like traveling on the river. There were places we passed that one might throw a stone from the deck and hit the shore on either side of the boat. We passed Wrungel and some Indian villages on the way up, but did not stop until we reached Juneau, where we laid for about twenty-four hours. While there I had a chance to go and visit the Treadville Mine on Douglas Island. It is only about twenty minutes' run from Juneau. There I saw the largest stamp mill I ever saw in my life, there being eight hundred stamps dropping. You may imagine the noise. They didn't seem to be working any particular ledge, but taking down a whole mountain and running everything through the mill. It was all low grade ore, but they had already taken millions out from this point. From Juneau, the Klondike passengers went via Loyn Canal to Skagway, to the Yukon. Here we parted company with some of our passengers, but the most of them were on their way to Cooks Inlet. We called at some salmon fisheries on the way up and finally reached Copper River landing, or Valdez, where a few more left the boat. At this point right in front and but a few miles away, there is a large glacier, and the trail from this point leads right over the glacier, but I believe now they have built a road around it, between there and Resurrection Bay, our point of destination. We ran into the worst storm I ever witnessed either on sea or land. The purser said he had been running up the coast for the past sixteen years and he said he never had witnessed anything like it. It was accompanied with snow that never seemed to light, but flew by in a horizontal shape, and to make things more terrifying we came very near running on to a rock, we just missed it and that was all. I went on deck and was holding on the best I could and the first thing I knew, I was going feet foremost like a catapult into the scuppers. I had on a new heavy overcoat and it tore it up the back, up to the collar. I was mighty glad to get into the cabin again and stay there. There were seams in our boat that one could almost put their hand in, that reached from stem to stern, and just above the water line; had it been below we would soon have gone to the bottom; as it was it let in lots of water. Our stateroom was all a flood, more than an inch deep on the floor. As night came on the storm subsided and the next day, we landed at Resurrection Bay, the first steamer that had ever been there. We built a temporary wharf of poles to land our goods, but the horses we had to hoist and let them into the water, where they had to swim ashore. We landed on the twelfth day of March, and it was still pretty cold in that northern country. There was plenty of snow and that was what we went through to get out to the mine a distance of sixty miles. It was on the 5th of May before we arrived at the mine. We had about eighteen tons of freight to haul along on hand sleds, with one range of mountains to cross, where the snow was ten feet deep, but on the level it was only two or three feet deep. Sleeping on the snow is easy enough if you know how. When we would go in camp in the evening, the first thing would be to set our tents on the snow, then pull some pine or spruce trees and cut the pine boughs and spread on the snow about a foot deep, lay our tarpaulin down with the blankets on top, and we had as comfortable a bed as anyone needs. Of course, we would have to shovel the snow away before we could build a campfire.

Our mode of making trail was in this manner: first three or four men would go over the route with snow shoes, following them with all the help

we could raise and tramp the snow with thirty or forty men if we could raise that many, and tramping snow all day is about as hard work as man ever done. By this method the snow is packed hard enough so we could use our sleds. Of course the more we use it the better it was. We could then pitch our tents midway of the day's hauling; that is we would go as far as we could go and return in a half day and then in the afternoon repeat the same and return to camp by night. In that way we were in camp for our meals all the time and then we would have to make fifteen or twenty round trips before we had all our freight brought forward and would make another station ahead and repeat the same operation. After all our outfit had been moved forward the last thing to come over the trail was the horses. We would generally move them early in the mornings when everything was frozen had. If a horse by any mishap would step off the trail he would go in all over, nothing but his head sticking out of the snow, and some times it would be very difficult to get them back on the trail again.

When we got to the lake, it was the first place that our horses did us any good. Here we could hitch three or four sleds together and one horse pull them on the ice and travel right along. We had gotten all our stuff across the lake when the ice broke up and was gone. If we had been a day later it would have been too late.

After leaving the lake we still had six miles to make all the way up hill, where the horses were of no use as there was too much snow and when we finally arrived at the mine on the fifth of May, found the snow still to be from four to five feet deep, but that was no disadvantage to us as we could get our logs to the saw pits much better than we could on the bare ground. We had all our lumber to saw with whip-saws and bring down to the mines on the snow. It took six thousand feet to supply our immediate wants for building flumes, etc. We made all our pipe there on the ground. It was cut and punched already to rivet together.

When we were ready to go to work I had a job on my hands. The men were all green about mining, there being no miners among them. I had everything to see to and the work was scattered here and there and it just kept me stepping lively. If I had even one man that could go ahead and take the lead in any part of the work it would have helped me out a great deal, however in a few days they got so they could saw lumber, and that made it easier. We had four miles of ditch to make and I had to survey that, and two or three canyons to cross where we had to flume, one of them being fifty feet high. Our flumes were all three feet in width. I think it was some time in August before we were ready to turn on the water which made a pretty short season, for we had to get out of there as soon as the snow commenced to fly. It is remarkable how soon the grass and all kinds of vegetation comes on after the snow is off the ground. In a few days the grass was knee high and a few more it was up to a man's waste. Berries are the same way. You will see them in blossom and seemingly about long enough to take a good nap the bushes are hanging full of ripe berries. It is the greatest country for berries I ever saw. Many places you can see the bears come almost every day to feed on them. We had all the bear meat we wanted, besides moose, mountain sheep and small game, and it was fat and nice, which helped out our grub bill a great deal as we had to keep the pack train running all the time packing from Sunrise.

Where we landed at Resurrection Bay, is now quite a town called Seward and the terminus of a railroad that runs out in the direction of Sunrise, but is only finished about thirty miles.

It seemed strange to go to bed at ten o'clock at night and the sun still shining and wake up at three A. M. and the sun shining again, and between sundown and sunrise one can see to read the papers at any time of night.

Our mining venture was almost a total failure. After an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars we left the mine about the 1st of November, and came out, and where we crossed the lake in the spring on the ice, this time we crossed in boats and at night to avoid the wind that sometimes blew pretty hard in day time, but we did not escape entirely. The wind came up about midnight and came near swamping us, had it not been that we were near a point that made out and formed a kind of wind-break it might have went hard with us, the waves breaking over the side of our boats before we got under the lee of that point. We lay there for a couple of hours until the wind subsided, and then pushed on to the end of the lake about daylight and laid by that day and arranged our packs and got a little sleep, as we had been up all night. From there we had to pack what we had on our backs, and some of the men never having packed before thought it pretty hard work. If a man wants to take a few lessons in roughing it let him go to some of those mining excitements, stampedes as we used to call them. After a hard tramp we arrived again at Resurrection Bay, our inland starting point in the spring. In coming out we had to wade some of the streams as much as a dozen times and were wet to our middle from morning until night. We had to wait there for the steamer about a week. In coming down we came via Sitka, passing several glaciers and among them, and the most notable one, being the Muir Glacier, which was said to be sixty miles long by thirty wide. We were near enough so that we could see the crevices in it quite plain. It is said that anyone falling into one of those crevices never can be recovered or never has been. Parties traveling over glaciers have a long rope and each man is tied to the rope at certain distances apart, so that if one happens to drop in the rest are able to pull him out. Very often the snow drifts over the cracks so they are not visible, making it very dangerous to travel over them. The Muir Glacier looking at it from a distance, looks like a large body of table land, not mountainous, but more like a plain. The coast line all up and down is bold, rough and rock-bound; little or no sand beach at all, and high mountains running back from the coast. We could also see Mount St. Elias, the highest mountain in North America. There are some very interesting sights to be seen along the coast, the timber coming down to the water's edge all along and many islands to pass, all of which are well timbered. On arriving at Sitka, we found an old Russian town of perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants counting the Indians, in fact the Indians are largely in the majority, a great many of them being quite intelligent and some of them good mechanics. They are not dark like our California Indians, but very light color, some of them as white as anybody and most of them quite industrious. I saw at Sitka some gardens where they were raising as fine vegetables as you will find anywhere. In fact, certain kinds are much better flavored than the same kinds raised further south. I never tasted as fine turnips or potatoes anywhere as I did there. I think from what little knowledge of the Country I

could gain that perhaps the southeastern part of Alaska, where the land is level, enough will at some time be brought under cultivation. Of course the best land is generally timbered, and would have to be cleared. Further north, in the neighborhood of Cook's Inlet, there are certain sections of land that might be brought under cultivation quite easily, judging from the way it produces grass, but the largest portion of it is covered with moss from a foot to eighteen inches deep, that is only fit to raise knats and mosquitoes, where you will find more to the acre than any part of the world. No one can work without a veil and then it is almost past endurance and I don't see any remedy where that moss grows; if it was swamped it might be drained, but you can't drain that moss.

If anything ever induces one to go to Alaska, it will be for mining and not for agriculture. Mining interests there is only in its infancy, when they get railroads and transportation becomes cheaper there will be vast amounts of gold and other minerals taken from the ground; enough to enrich—I was going to say the entire world—but certainly Alaska has a great future.

After returning from Alaska I took up the windmill business for some time and then drifted off into the orchard business with only moderate success, for the reason that the prices dropped until there was not much in the business, but since that the prices has more than doubled on fruit as well as on the land. I still retain some interest in that business.

CHAPTER XI.

When I was on Woods Creek, there was a Frenchman living in a cabin near by and we became pretty well acquainted, and I had told him of our rich mine on the Tuolumne River, and he was quite anxious to get an interest in it and offered, if I could get hold of it, to furnish all the capital to open the mine and work it and share and share alike. I made all the inquiries I could about the company that had worked it the year before, but could not get any tidings of one of them. I knew it was risky to go ahead and take possession, for according to mining laws, we were not required to keep our tools in the mine on river claims, where the river had been turned the previous year. I was entirely too conscientious about the matter and did not risk it. I knew there was a fortune there for any person or company that could work it. It was a sure thing. I always regretted that I had not gone ahead and worked it, for I never heard of one of the company afterward. Another time I had let a fortune slip by.

While in the mines, every little while there would come news of rich strikes being made at some remote place and then everybody wanted to go and it was customary to want to get started and get there first, everybody being the same, anxious to be the first on the ground. People would be starting at all times of day and night, and four times out of five the strikes were perfect fakes, but everyone was just as willing to go again the next time an alarm came along. They were better known as stampedes.

About this time I heard of one up on the Fine Gold Gulch and very rich, about a hundred miles distant, with the Indians pretty bad. That made the inducements greater than they would have been with no Indians, for that gave it life and little more variety. We fed on excitement here a good deal. In early times it was the spice of life.

We did not have any scrap with Indians on our way there, but we came near to it, as two men were killed the day before we passed along. I saw a wagon body that was shot full of arrows. The man was camped when they attacked him. He stood them off with his gun. The arrows would go through the wagon body, but not far enough to reach him. While there the Indians came one night and stole a six-mule team that had been driven in with provisions, besides about all the clothes there were in camp. It was a universal practice for all the miners to do their washing on Sunday and put out to dry on bushes. We had neglected to take them in at night. I suppose they were looking for just such a chance. We had not seen any Indians and had almost forgotten them. It being Sunday, I suppose they would like a clean shirt to put on. Those Indians up in the mountains all wore rabbit skins, when they wore anything at all. In the morning, early, we were out beating up volunteers to go after the Indians and we succeeded in raising sixteen men to go. We had a pack mule to carry our supplies and made a forced march and traveled up into the high mountains. We were then on the headwaters of the San Joaquin River. When night overtook us we took the precaution to go into camp down in a deep ravine so they could not see our camp fire. Just as we were building our camp fire it began to rain and kept it up all night long, as hard as it could pour down. The only thing to do was to stand up all night with a blanket around us and take it. In the morning it was raining just as hard as ever. There is no one that knows how hard and easy it can rain, until they get pretty well up into the Sierra Nevada Mountains. In the morning we held a council of war to know whether to go on or turn back. The rain had washed all the mule tracks away and we had no guide of any kind to lead us on. We were now getting up just into the edge of the snow, and this was, I think, about the month of May. Any way, we traveled on three or four miles without seeing any signs whatever of Indians. I told them we were going it blind. We didn't even know the direction of the Indians, and objected to going any further and there was one other of the same opinion. So it was agreed that if we would stay with the pack mule, the others would just go around a point of mountain there and if they saw no signs, they would return. In the course of about a half an hour we heard the most awful yells I ever heard in all my life. One would think there was a thousand coyotes let loose at once, and in a few more minutes, here come about fifty Indians right down and into the patch of brush we were in. I told the fellow with me this wouldn't do, we had better show ourselves. So I lead the mule out in an opening and right in front of them. This made them think they were being surrounded and they made a quick turn and went down over a cliff and jumped from rock to rock like a band of mountain sheep. In about twenty minutes the boys came rushing back, pretty well excited. Knowing they had stampeded a large bunch of Indians over where we were, they didn't know but what we had been killed, mule and all, but to their surprise found us all right. The boys were right into the camp before they knew it and that stampeded them in every direction. They thought there were about four hundred of them camped there. They saw the feet and hides of the stolen mules around on bushes. There had been a great feast, no doubt. Now to show what a fool trick it was when we retreated back about a half mile we tried to get dry loads in our guns, but there wasn't

any gun in the whole lot that would shoot. We had to pick in dry powder and it was with much difficulty that we cleaned our guns out and put dry loads in. If the Indians had known the advantage they had of us they could have shot us full of arrows and we couldn't of helped ourselves. It was only our good luck that saved us and not good sense or good management.

In the summer of fifty, in Mariposa County, there was a company of a hundred volunteers raised to go out and fight Indians. They went up into the mountains and built a log fort and were camped there, having a good time and had the Stars and Stripes flying over the fort. One morning the flag was missing and in scouting around some of the soldiers (if you can call them such) saw an Indian streaking it through the woods with the flag wrapped around him. That was too good a joke on them; in fact they were called in and discharged without killing or capturing a single Indian. When we returned to camp, we were pretty near ready to leave as the mines there were no good.

There was one little incident that might be worth mention. I was out prospecting and as I was going along a dim trail I came around a sharp turn and came upon a California lion lying asleep in the shade of a tree. Another step and I would have been onto him. It's useless to say that he got away from there in a hurry, but it is only to show the wild life of the early Pioneer. I could mention scores of such incidents that we never took any notice of. While on Woods Creek, very early one morning; in fact, it was hardly light, I went to the creek only a few rods away, for a pail of water. I saw a dark object near where I usually went for water and on little closer observation, I observed it was a dead Indian. He, no doubt, had gone there for a drink of water and had gotten his head into the water and was unable to get out again. The water was only four inches deep, and there I had the opportunity of witnessing another Indian funeral, but this time there was no cremation and very few mourners. They went at it more in the shape of business. They undertook to dig a grave up on the bank, but soon struck hard bedrock at each end of the grave, but the middle was softer and they proceeded to make that part of the grave deeper. The consequence was when they put the Indian in, his head and feet only touched. But they did not let a small matter like that balk them in the least. I was wondering what they would do next, when three of them stood on the middle of the dead body and jumped up and down a few times, and got him broke down into the hole sufficiently to get him covered over with dirt.

On my arrival in Stockton from the mines; in fact, the first day there, I witnessed the hanging of Mickey Free, for murder, and a short time after there was another hanging bee, this time for horse stealing. This time the victims were Mountain Jim and Dutch Fred. Either of them would have weighed over two hundred pounds, but the gallows withstood the strain, contrary to the opinion of a great many. It is alarming how reckless some men can live even to the last moment; for example: Mountain Jim ventured to make a speech and was granted the privilege. He stated he had never harmed any one, had swiped a few horses at different times and that was all. He insisted on placing the rope around his own neck, but that was not granted. When all was ready, he says, "here we go pals, 'round and

'round." Dutch Fred had nothing to say whatever. In the early times people were always ready for any kind of excitement, so there was a bull and bear fight to come off in Stockton and was well advertised, and of course a large crowd gathered to see the sport, as this was to surpass the ordinary bull fight. people coming from far and near. The bull and the bear were chained together. the bear's hind foot to the bull's fore foot and they sawed the top of the bull's horns, which was very unfair, for the bull was the agressor all the time and made all the fight, and when he would strike the bear with his horns they would glance over and not penetrate at all. The bear wouldn't have lasted five minutes if the bull had had an equal show, but a Spanish hull was worth but a few dollars, and a captured bear was worth several hundred. While the fight was progressing, some darkies climbed up a large tree near by in order to have a good view. In the course of the fight the fighters got near the tree and the bear commenced to climb also, and climbed up as far as the chain would let him go, which made lots of fun for the crowd but very uncomfortable for the darkies. Everybody was yelling for them to jump, and they came near doing it too. During the fight whenever the bull would make a lunge at the bear, he would gather the bull around the neck with his enormous great paws and hold him there and chew his nose, and this was repeated at every opportunity until his nose was eaten off almost to his eyes. Finally the bear was reported loose from the bull, which proved to be true enough, and you should have seen the stampeded people trying to get out of the way of the bear and the bear trying to get away as well, but it was but a few moments before the Spaniards had their lassos on him and but a few more minutes till they had him in the cage again. He was a pretty good sized grizzly, but not as large as I have seen. The bull was shot to end his misery, which was the only merciful act of kindness in the whole procedure.

I thought it the most cruel and barbarious piece of entertainment I had ever witnessed and never cared to attend another like performance. Stockton was a great stage coach center for all the mining towns for an area of almost a hundred miles around and most of them were due about 4 P. M., and they would come dashing in in grand style, under the whip at great speed, and one day among other arrivals was a Jew, and his coach happened to be a little late for the boat which left at that hour. He came on the full run down to the levee, as it was then called, and the boat commenced to pull out and was perhaps about ten feet from the wharf. He seemed to have but one thought, that was to get his grip aboard and jump after it. So he threw his grip and it struck the wheel-house about midway and as the wheel was now in motion, in less than a minute there was all kinds of dry goods scattered floating on the water, which made fun for the onlookers. To see his dismay for a little while and his performance was very amusing. He would just jump up and down crying, "Mine got vot shall I do, vot shall I do," and the jeers he would get from the crowd around didn't help matters much. Some would say, "Jump, why don't you jump," and another would say, "why don't you swim." Sometime in the early fifties, I think about fifty-two and three, there was one of the most dreaded outlaws that had ever infested the country. His name was in everybodys mouth—he was a terror to the whole country, and his name was Joaquín Murietta. Any of the old-timers must remember his career, as a murderer and a reckless

outlaw and a notorious bad man. I think it was the fall of fifty-two I had occasion to be at Oakland. Oakland at that time was only a small village, and on my return to San Jose, on horse back, just a few miles this side of Oakland, there was another horseman that overtook me on the road and inquired where I was going. I said to San Jose. He then said he was bound for San Jose also, and that if I had no objection we would ride together. I told him that was agreeable, if I was traveling fast as he wanted to go. He said it made no difference, as he was in no hurry. We traveled on until about noon time and came to a Spanish ranch and inquired if we could have dinner. In welcome, they said. It was a large Spanish ranch and owned by some of the Alvarados. The day was pretty warm, so we stayed there about three hours or more, then resumed our journey. My companion was well dressed and rode a fine horse with a silver-mounted saddle. I did not know but that he was some great Spanish Don. He could talk some English, and I could talk some Spanish and between the two, we got along very well. We finally came to the creek, where Niles is now situated and rode into the creek to let our horses drink and it was now becoming dusk of the evening. While our horses were drinking, he says, "Let me look at that pistol of yours," which I was carrying in the bolster on my saddle. Someway it struck me very sensibly to say no. But I gave him some evasive answer, told him it was just like all other Colt revolvers and didn't hand it to him. We rode on a short distance and I told him I wanted to see a party that lived off the road a little way and for him to ride on and I could soon overtake him. The more I thought of his move in the bed of the creek and wanting to get my gun, the more my suspicions were raised. I didn't like the move. The place I called at was the home of Tyson and Morrison, where we had reaped grain during the harvest season, and they insisted on my spending the night with them, which I very willingly did. The following spring we were driving a band of cattle up the country and passing up the San Joaquin, we met a horseman riding a beautiful black horse and after he passed I remembered I knew that fellow, that I traveled with him from Oakland, and was with him all day on the road, and a little further on we stopped for noon and lunched. Near by a man came from his cabin and wanted to know if we had met Joaquin Murietta. We told him that a Spaniard had been met riding a very nice black horse. "Well," he says, "that's him." He then told that he had stopped there and had jumped his horse over the fence into his patch of barley, so the old man came out and remonstrated with him and told him the grass was good outside anywhere. He replied he thought the barley was better and that he didn't know who he was talking to, that he was Joaquin Murietta. He told him he didn't care a ——— who the ——— he was, that he had better get his horse out of there and went back to his cabin and got his rifle, but before he had time to return, Joaquin had gotten his horse out and was gone. He said if he had been there when he returned, he would have dropped him right thar, and I think he would, as there had been a large reward offered for him, dead or alive, as his depredations had become more numerous from day to day. He and Three-Fingered Jack rode through Sonora at midday and shot down two men as they passed along on the gallop, for no cause whatever, and they had committed numerous murders and robberies. There were posses of men sent out to capture them, but they evaded pursuit for



This is a picture of John B. Colton, reproduced from a daguerotype taken by an artist at Long Wharf, San Francisco, in 1850.

The artist retained the negative of this picture and represented it to be a girl miner in boy's clothing, explaining that she had crossed the plains in 1849. Her parents both died on the trail but a woman in the train took charge of her and brought her safely through to the mines. Finding a rich placer mine she adopted boy's clothing and successfully worked her claim and soon made her pile. She started for the States, and while in San Francisco had this picture taken before changing to woman's attire.

By telling this story the artist sold hundreds of copies of the photo at five dollars each to the miners, many of whom had not seen a woman for years, and would pay any price for a picture of one just to carry around in their pocket to remind them of home and home life.

The peculiar incident of this story is that Colton, the original of the picture upon returning from the mines, saw the crowd about the artist's shack and proceeded to investigate, and recognized the picture at once. Stepping inside he asked the artist when there would be a dividend. "What do you mean," asked the artist. "Why," replied Colton, "that's my picture you are selling to these miners, and I want you to divide profits, as you have evidently made a pretty good clean up from the enterprise." After joshing the artist to his satisfaction, Colton left and no more was heard of the matter.



some time, but were finally captured in the Coast Range by Harry Love and his party, who came on them while in camp, but Joaquin and Three-Fingered Jack tried to make their escape on their horse, but were both overtaken and shot from their horses and killed, and that was the bandit that I had traveled with all day and didn't know it. I knew then that if I had given him my gun in the creek bed, I would not be here now telling the story. He would kill an American, just because he was an American.

It will be necessary to go back to the desert again to bring up a few items that I had overlooked. Mirage on the desert oft times had deceived hundreds as it did us at many times. We would be traveling sometimes in an almost famished condition and every step was an effort that tried the most hardy among us, when some one would announce that they could see water ahead at some distance. When our attention was called to it we could all see it plain enough. Could see the lake with the willows growing on the margin and some of the party could see birds swimming on the water, at least they thought so. I could see no birds, but could see the trees plain enough. Each one would quicken his step and new life would be instilled into us that water had been almost reached and how soon now our parched lips and our horrible thirst would be appeased. Soon doubts would begin to rise as we approached the spot, where we were so sure we had seen the water. The water had disappeared, trees had dwindled to become little desert shrubs, not four inches high and the birds must have flown. Gloom and disappointment would then take possession which I will not try here to describe, as no pen is adequate for the task. Mirage is sometimes seen on the San Joaquin plain. I have seen it there almost as beautiful and deceptive as on the desert. Thus along the pathways of the journey of life, oft times our most ardent desires fade away and come to naught.

CHAPTER XII.

I don't want to forget to mention about a trip to the Yosemite Valley. Four of us in the party, consisting of my wife and daughter, son-in-law and myself. We drove up and camped out all the time we were gone, which was a month of well spent time. We went via Livermore, Stockton, Chinese Camp, Big Oak Flat, so on to the Yosemite Valley. Soon after entering the Valley, we passed by the great El Capitan and near it and a little further on we came to Yosemite Falls, which is a wonder to behold; the first fall of water is 1100 feet without a break, and then a fall of nine hundred and then another of 400 feet, making 2400 feet in all, and looking at it from a distance you hardly know there is a break in the whole distance. It is certainly the most wonderful sight, especially where there is a good volume of water going over. A little way further on and we came to Sentinel Hotel, and just above the hotel are the camping grounds, where we camped. The next place of interest is Mirror Lake, but you want to visit that before sunrise to get the benefit of its great beauty. The lights and shadows and the pictures of different colored rocks is perfectly magnificent. You never tire looking at it, as every minute it changes and gives you a different picture. From there you have about a two-mile walk up to the Nevada Falls, where the whole river tumbles down a perpendicular fall of 260 feet without a break. This is a very fascinating sight that one does not get tired of

looking at. We spent a couple of hours there and were interested every minute of the time, but the most interesting place we visited was Glacier Point. It took us three hours to make the ascent, of good hard walking, all the way up hill, and the most of the way pretty steep too. It makes a person feel like he wanted a little refreshments by the time he gets to the top, but when he does get there he feels himself well paid for the trip. You can stand on the brink and look down three thousand feet to the valley below and it is almost perpendicular from the top down, one can pitch a stone down and you never hear it strike. Horses and cattle below on the valley look no larger than bugs and a man looks no larger than a crow. From this point you can see no less than seven different water falls and South Dome stands right before you and looks to be but a little way off. From there one can see the summit of the Sierras, and the snow-capped mountains as far as the eye can see. It is certainly a grand sight and well worth the cost of seeing.

On our way back we came near the Mariposa Big Trees that are well worth seeing also, and very interesting to any one who has not been accustomed to seeing such sights. From there on to Viacitus, interpreted into English meaning, Little Ovens, and I never heard of a more appropriate name, for the day we passed there was the hottest I ever experienced in my life and I had seen it up to 120 in other places, but never felt it so hot before or since. From then on to Merced and across the San Joaquin through Pacheco Pass and on to the place of starting.

Another very interesting place I have visited twice, that was the Calaveras Big Trees. They certainly are a wonderful sight, that is the largest grove of big trees anywhere on the coast. One of those trees after it had been cut down measured 32 feet across the stump and the stump was dressed off smoothly and used for a dancing hall. There was plenty of room for four sets to dance cotillion and the body of the tree was dressed down about half way and was used for ten pin alleys with room for two alleys. Our party rolled ten pins there until they didn't feel much like walking. The next day they said they felt a little stiff. There are some larger trees there than that, but this one was perfectly sound. There is a hollow tree there that is much larger and is lying down. I told a story when I was back East about three men riding abreast in the hollow of the tree, seventy-five feet and then riding out at a knot hole, and they laughed at me so that I don't often repeat the story unless it is to some one that has been there and seen for themselves. I think it was a very wise thing for the government to come into possession of all of those grand forests and preserve them for future generations for it takes at least 4000 years to grow one of those big trees so I hope they will be preserved for all time to come.

CHAPTER XIII.

After summing up my past life I have tried in the foregoing to give in a rude way my own experiences as they happened from time to time, but I, like thousands of others, if I had to do it over again I think how I might improve it, but all in all I have no regrets or complaints to make, as I have done the best I could under the circumstances.

It is the things that I have not done I regret the most and the greatest

of these is my neglected education. My father wanted to put me through college, and I refused it, but it would have been different could I have only seen the benefit of it then as I have seen it a thousand times since. The lesson, though dearly learned, has resulted in good, as my wife and I have raised two children, and seen to it that they had a good education, both having been graduated from the State Normal school, and one of them, the son, a graduate of Cooper's Medical College, and now a practicing physician and surgeon in the city of Seattle, and a very successful one.

The daughter was married to a Presbyterian minister, Rev. James Fulcom by name, who has a prosperous and growing church in a prosperous town; so we are blest with having both a preacher and a doctor in the family. Both of them have two children, which the grandparents as well as the parents, are very proud of.

In summing up, I think anyone that can raise a family that is an honor to themselves and to society, has not spent their lives in vain. I am now in my eighty-ninth year and in jotting down these few items have had to depend entirely on memory, as it happened to come to me, having no data to refer to. There is one thing that is very singular, many things that happened in forty-nine I can remember much better than things that happened in recent years.

In writing the foregoing I have been handicapped for lack of a liberal education in my boyhood days. All boys were taught to work, especially those that were brought up on a farm, as soon as they were in their teens. They were put to plowing, then into the corn field and the harvest field. Could not spare them to go to school in summer time, so all the schooling ever acquired was in winter after the corn had been gathered. About five months of each year was the limit. So all the schooling I ever acquired was gotten within the four walls of a log school house.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion I cannot close this narrative of life's sketches without recording here the list of those of the "Jay Hawkers" who have passed away as well as those who are still living, April 10, 1916.

LIVING.

L. Dow Stephens, San Jose, Cal., age 89 years.

John B. Colton, Galesburg, Ill., age 82 years.

PASSED AWAY.

J. W. Brier, Sr., died in Lodi, Cal.

J. W. Brier, Jr., died in Lodi, Cal., Feb. 26, 1914.

C. C. Brier, born in Indiana, Sept. 11, 1840; died in Oakland, Cal., Dec. 7, 1907.

K. W. Brier, born May 5, 1845; died in California, Jan. 1883.

Mrs. Juliet Brier, died in Lodi, Cal., May 26, 1913, at the age of a hundred years, lacking four months.

Luther A. Richards, Beaver City, Neb., died June 15, 1899.

Chas. B. Mecum, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, died Feb. 20, 1905.

Thomas Shanon, Los Gatos, Cal., died Nov. 15, 1903.

Harrison B. Frans, Rye Valley, Ore., died Jan. 16, 1902.

Irwin P. Davidson, Thermopolis, Big Horn County, Wyo., died Dec. 18, 1903.

John L. West, Philipsburg, Mon., died Jan. 12, 1898, at Sacramento, Cal.

Alonzo C. Clay, Galesburg, Ill., died Dec. 13, 1897.

Capt. Asa Haines, Delong, Ill., died March 29, 1889.

John W. Plumer, Falon, Ill., died June 22, 1892.

Sidney P. Edgerton, Blair, Neb., died Jan. 21, 1880.

Edward F. Bertholemew, Pueblo, Colo., died Feb. 13, 1891.

Thomas McGrew, Boise, Idaho, died 1864.

John Cole, Sonora, Calif., died 1853.

Wm. B. Rude, Lapaz Ranch, Arizona. Drowned in Colorado River, April 29, 1871.

Wm. Robinson, died in the desert, Jan. 1850.

Gould, Oskaloosa, Iowa. An old man was in Southern Mines, Calif., in 1850. Since then unknown. Died at Pen Yen, N. Y., in the end of the fifties.

Alexander Palmer, Knoxville, Ill., died at Chandlerville, Sierra County, Cal., March 27, 1854.

Aaron Larken, Knoxville, Ill., died at Humboldt, Cal., 1853.

Marshal G. Edgerton, Galesburg, Ill., died at Montana Ter., 1865.

Wm. Isham, Rochester, N. Y., died in the desert Dec. 1849.

Mr. Fish, Lima, Indiana, died in the desert Dec. 1849.

Carter, Wis., died 1850.

Capt. Edward Doty, Naples, Cal., died June 14, 1891.

Burin Byrum, Knoxville, Ill., died U. S. Military Hospital, Keokuk, Iowa, April 11, 1865.

Geo. Allen, Knoxville, Ill., died in San Francisco, Sept. 11, 1877.

Leander Woolsey, Knoxville, Ill., died in Oakland, Cal., Sept. 8, 1881.

Chas. Clark, Henderson, Ill., died Sept. 9, 1865.

Frederick Gritzner, Joliet, Ill., died Moberly, Mo., Aug. 18, 1892.

Woolfgang Tauber, Joliet, Ill. died at sea, returning from California via Cape Horn, Nov. 15, 1850.

Young and Wolfgang were partners on the desert, also in the mines, where they made their pile at Downieville and started for home in a sailing vessel around the Horn. Wolfgang died at sea and Young sent his gold dust to his mother in Soperahl, Germany, on his arrival in New York.

Frenchman, name unknown, became insane from starvation and wandered from camp at night and was captured by the Indians and was rescued fourteen years afterwards by United States surveying party and brought to the settlements by them. Since that his whereabouts are not known.

John Groscup, died Feb. 24, 1916, at Longvale, Mendocino Co., Cal., age 90 years, leaving only two survivors, L. D. Stephens and John B. Colton.

















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